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The Printing Establishment of the United Brethren in Christ published (Dayton, O., 1858) The Christian Songster, a Collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs usually Sung at camp ..... designed for all denominations. It was compiled by Joseph Bevan of Belmore

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THE

Christian Songster:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

USUALLY SUNG AT CAMP, PRAYER, AND SOCIAL MEETINGS, AND REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

DESIGNED FOR ALL DENOMINATIONS.

COMPILED
BY JOSEPH BEVER.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—Rev.
"Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing."—Isa.

DAYTON, O.

PRINTED AT THE PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED BRETHREN IN CHRIST.

1858.

PREFACE.

THE compiler of the CHRISTIAN SONGSTER has but few apologies to offer in presenting it to a generous public.

Many of the pieces found in former collections of this kind, are known to have fallen into general disuse, and something new is looked and sought for. Hence, it appears necessary, in order to meet the expectation and demand of this progressive age, to furnish from time to time something new, in this department, and yet pure and elevated in spirituality and devotional aspirations.

This volume claims to contain many pieces that have never before been published in book-form; while, at the same time, it contains many old ones, selected from various authors;

thus bringing these valuable hymns and spiritual songs together, and forming them into a book for convenience.

It is not pretended that all the pieces found in this work, are written in the best poetical style. But it is, however, confidently believed, that none are contained in it, that have not real merit, and their admirers.

The compiler would, therefore, submit this new collection of Hymns and spiritual Songs to the public, believing that it will meet with favorable reception by all those who have the cause of God at heart. J. BEVER.

Melmore, March, 1858.

CHRISTIAN SONGSTER.

P. M. 12, 8, 12, 8, 11, 11, 11.

The Pure Testimony.

THE pure testimony put forth in the Spirit,
Cuts like a sharp two-edged sword;
And hypocrites now are most sorely tormented,
Because they're condemn'd by the word.
The pure testimony discovers the dross,
While wicked professors make light of the cross,
And Babylon trembles for fear of her loss.

2 Is not the time come for the church to be gather'd
Into the one Spirit of God;
Baptiz'd by one Spirit into the one body,
Partaking Christ's flesh and his blood;

They drink in one Spirit, which makes them all see,
They're one in Christ Jesus, wherever they be,
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.

3 Then blow ye the trumpet in pure testimony,
And let the world hear it again;
O, come ye from Babylon, Egypt, and Sodom,
And make your way over the plain;
Come wash all your robes in the blood of the Lamb,
And walk in the Spirit as Jesus has done,
In the pure testimony you will overcome.

4 The world will not persecute those who are like them,
But hold them the same as their own;
The pure testimony cries out separation,
Which calls you your lives to lay down.
Come out from their spirit and practices too—
The track of your Savior keep full in your view,
The pure testimony will cut its way through.

5 A battle is coming between the two kingdoms—
The armies are gathering around;

The pure testimony and vile persecution,
Will come to close battle e're long.
Then gird on your armor, ye saints of the
Lord,
And he will direct you by his living word—
The pure testimony will cut like a sword

6 The great prince of darkness is mustering
his forces,
To make you his pris'ners again—
By slander, reproaches, and vile persecu-
tion,
That you in his cause may remain;
But shun his temptations wherever they
lay,
And fear not his servants whatever they
say,
The pure testimony will give you the day.

2 P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Desire to Imitate the Pious.

DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
Stephen's faith and spirit show
John's divine communion feel,
Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
Run like the unwearied Paul,
Win the day and conquer all.

2 Mary's love may I possess,
Lydia's tender heartedness;

Peter's ardent spirit feel,
James' faith by works reveal
Like young Timothy, may I
Every sinful passion fly.

3 Job's submission may I show,
David's true devotion know;
Samuel's call, O, may I hear!
Lazarus' happy portion share;
Let Isaiah's hallowed fire
All my new born soul inspire.

4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
Gideon's valiant steadfast care;
Joseph's purity impart,
Isaac's meditating heart;
Abra'm's friendship may I prove,
Faithful to the God I love.

5 Most of all, may I pursue
That example Jesus drew;
By my life and conduct show,
How he liv'd and walk'd below—
Day by day, through grace restor'd,
Imitate my blessed Lord.

3

P. M. 9, 6, 9, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

Mercy's Free.

BY faith I view my Savior dying,
On the tree, on the tree.

To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me.
He bids the guilty now draw near,
Repent, believe, dismiss your fears
Hark! hark! what precious words I hear,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

2 Did Christ when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin,
Can it be, can it be?
O, yes, he did salvation bring,
He is my Prophet, Priest and King,
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

3 Jesus, the mighty God hath spoken,
Peace to me, peace to me.
Now all my chains of sin are broken,
I am free, I am free.
Soon as I on his name believ'd,
The Holy Spirit I received;
And Christ from death my soul retriev'd,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 Jesus my weary soul refreshes,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And every moment Christ is precious,
Unto me, unto me.
None can describe the bliss I prove,
While through this wilderness I rove,

All may enjoy the Savior's love,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

5 This precious truth ye sinners hear it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Ye ministers of God declare it,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
Visit the heathen's dark abode,
Proclaim to all the love of God,
And spread the glorious news abroad,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

6 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free,
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.
And when the vale of death I've past,
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free.

4 P. M. 12, 12, 12, 12.

The Millenium.

THE time is soon coming by the Prophets foretold,
When Zion in purity the world shall behold;
When Jesus' pure testimony will gain the day,
Denominations' selfishness will vanish away.

2 It will then be discovered who for Jesus will be,
And who are in Babylon the saints then will see;
The time of division then will fully be known,
Between the pure kingdom, and defil'd Babylon.

3 Led on by the Comforter, what sweets will be found,
What peace and what harmony in love will abound,
Losing time, things for Jesus, will be counted all joy,
And helping each other, a delightful employ.

4 What beauty will the churches then put on in his sight,
Being govern'd by Jesus Christ, who always does right,
No spots on her countenance, in that glorious day,
Unnecessary ceremonies vanish away.

5 The watchmen will then lift up their voices as one,
East, west, north and south, to and fro, they will run

In the Spirit's pure testimony preach up the cross.
The mysteries of Babylon will suffer the loss.

6 But, O! what a storm of persecution will rage,
For the cause of old Babylon too many engage;
For beholding their losses, and beginning to sink,
They hope to obstruct the light from shining I think.

7 But truth cuts its way, and love will melt down all foes,
The pure word of God will conquer all who oppose;
The church stands in purity, in peace, and in love,
In sight of her enemies she rises above.

8 Let all who would wish to see millennium begin,
Come out and be separate from sinners and sin;
As soon as the churches are redeemed from all sin,
The day of millenium will surely begin.

5 L. M.

WHEN Christ the Lord was here below,
About the work he came to do;
Before he left his little band,
He gave to them his great command.

2 Though fishing Peter leads the way,
And nothing caught till break of day;
To give them food thus Jesus stands,
And says to Peter feed my lambs.

3 Thomas was of a doubtful mind,
Yet Jesus leaves him not behind;
Thomas, he says, "behold my hands!"
And Simon Peter "feed my lambs."

4 Peter once did deny his Lord,
By not attending to his word;
Yet Jesus knew how frail was man,
And says to Peter "feed my lambs."

5 Oh, little children do not fear,
While Christ your Savior is so near;
Poor doubting souls are in his hands,
And precious food for all the lambs.

6 The richest feast is yet above,
In the enjoyment of his love;
Then run to Christ with all your might,
And I will try to keep in sight.

7 Now here's my heart and here's my hand
To meet you in that heavenly land;
My hand again I give to thee,
Hoping thy face in heaven to see.

CHORUS.

And oh, how good it is for us to be blest,
And dwell where lovely Jesus is.

6 C. M.

The Pilgrim Band.

WE'RE marching to the promis'd land,
A land all fair and bright;
Come join our happy pilgrim band,
And seek the plains of light.

CHORUS.

Oh, who will go along with me,
To the new Jerusalem?
There congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath's never end.

2 The deep Red Sea already cross'd,
Safe on its banks we stood,
And saw our foes, old Pharaoh's host,
Plung'd in the angry flood.

3 The Savior feeds his little flock,
His grace is richly given—
The living water from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.

4 To Canaan's land he points the way
And guides our feet aright;
A cloudy pillar leads by day,
A fiery one by night.

5 "Come with us we will do thee good,"
Here is our heart and hand,
To meet you over Jordan's flood,
And share the promis'd land.

6 There in that land no tears are shed,
Nor sighs escape the heart;
To joy's full fountain all are led,
And there they never part.

7

C. M.

The Prodigal.

YE erring souls that wildly roam,
From heaven and bliss estray,
Your Father's voice invites you home,
He makes a feast to-day.

CHORUS.

Oh! I'll not die here with want severe,
And starve in foreign lands;
In my Father's house are rich supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.

2 And thou art bidden, weary one,
With wants and woes oppressed,
And every far-off wand'ring son,
May be a welcome guest.

3 Return thou prodigal, return,
Thy Father bids thee come,
He doth thy needless absence mourn,
Thou erring child, come home.

4 Come, for the feast already waits,
The fatlings all are slain;
Go seek with haste his palace-gates,
Nor shalt thou seek in vain

8 P. M. 4, 11s.

The Rock that is Higher than I.

FIRST PART.

IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
When my heart is overwhelmed with sorrow and care,
From the ends of the earth unto thee will I cry,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, higher than I.
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, my foe, comes in like a flood,
To drive my poor soul from the fountain of good,
I'll pray to the Savior who kindly did die,
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.
Higher than I, higher than I.
Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 And when I have ended my pilgrimage here,
In Jesus' pure righteousness let me appear,
In the swellings of Jordan on thee I'll rely
And look to the rock that is higher than I,
Higher than I, higher than I.
And look to the rock that is higher than I.

4 And when the last trumpet shall sound through the skies.
When the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise,
With millions I'll join, far above yonder sky,
To praise the dear rock that is higher than I.

9 P. M. 4, 11s.

"The Rock that is Higher than I."

SECOND PART.

WHEN my soul is distress'd and my comforts are flown,
To my Savior I'll go and my sorrows make known;
In secret devotion to him will I cry,
Lead me to "the rock that is higher than I."

2 Though my friends may forsake me, and foes all unite,
To hedge up my pathway and fears to excite;

On the strength of Jehovah I'll firmly rely,
Still screen'd by "the rock that is higher than I."

3 Should sickness o'ertake me and pain be severe,
And none be about me my spirit to cheer,
I'll hang on my Savior until I shall die,
Sustained by "the rock that is higher than I."

4 And when I have finished my labor and care,
Bright angels my soul on their pinions shall bear,
To my home in the kingdom of glory on high,
To dwell by "the rock that is higher than I.'

10 C. M.

The Penitent's Prayer.

O JESUS, now I come to thee,
My wanderings to deplore;
Wilt thou not set my spirit free?
My fallen soul renew?

CHORUS.

I weep, I mourn, I pray,
O, Jesus, now forgive.

2 My sins are more than I can bear,
O speak them all forgiven;
My soul away from earth I tear,
To seek a place in heaven.

3 Pity, O Lord, my helpless grief,
My soul's deep anguish see,
And grant me now that sweet relief,
Which none can give but thee.

4 Did 'st thou not die that I might live—
Might live thy love to know?
Oh, let me now thy love receive,
And in thy favor grow.

CHORUS.

I weep, I mourn, I pray,
O, Jesus, now forgive.

11 L. M.

I LOVE my Lord, I love his laws,
I love religion's blessed cause;
I love his faithful children too,
I love his gracious will to do.

2 I love this narrow happy way,
I love to watch, I love to pray,
I love the crown I love the cross,
I love the gold without the dross.

3 I love to shout, I love to sing,
I love to praise my heavenly King
I love my Lord, I know I do,
I love the souls that he loves too.

4 I love his saints that are below,
I love the precious sinner too;
I love those who have gone before,
I love my Jesus, more and more.

5 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Behold thy Savior, Friend and King!
With pleasing smiles he now looks down,
And cries, "Press on, and take the crown."

12 P. M.

The best Friend.

THERE is a Friend above all others,
Oh, how he loves!
His is Love beyond a brother's,
Oh, how he loves!
Earthly friends may fail and leave us,
This day kind, the next deceive us,
But this friend will never leave us,
Oh, how he loves!

2 Blessed Jesus! would'st thou know him?
Oh, how he loves!
Give thyself e'en this day to him,
Oh, how he loves!

Is it sin that pains and grieves thee,
Unbelief and trials seize thee?
Jesus can from all release thee,
Oh, how he loves!

3 All thy sins shall be forgiven,
Oh, how he loves!
Backward all thy foes be driven,
Oh, how he loves!
Best of blessings he 'll provide thee,
Nought but good shall e'er betide thee,
Safe to glory he will guide thee.
Oh, how he loves!

4 Pause, my soul, adore and wonder,
Oh, how he loves!
Nought can cleave this love asunder,
Oh, how he loves!
Neither trials nor temptation,
Doubt, nor fear, nor tribulation,
Can bereave us of salvation.
Oh, how he loves!

13

L. M.

Inviting Sinners.

CHORUS.

O TURN, sinners, turn,
May the Lord help you turn
O turn, sinners, turn,
Why will you die?

Why wanderest thou so far from home?
The vilest of the vile may come;
The tempter whispers, "Yet delay,"
Resist his wiles and come to-day.

2 To-day thy homeward pathway trace;
Long hast thou liv'd in folly's ways;
Thy toils have only brought thee woes,
O, tarry not—the door may close.

3 Come feast on joys divinely pure,
Come and eternal life secure;
Submit to Christ, and you shall know
What a dear Savior can bestow.

4 Lord, at thy feet I prostrate fall,
I fain would find in thee my all;
To thee I look and humbly cry,
"O save a wretch condemn'd to die."

14 P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7, 7, 7.

Parting Friends.

WHEN shall we all meet again?
When shall we all meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire;
Oft shall wearied love retire;
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we all shall meet again.

2 Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath the burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls,
And in heaven's wide domain,
There shall we all meet again.

3 When our burnish'd locks are gray,
Thin'd by many a toil-spent day;
When around this youthful pine,
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
Long may this lov'd bower remain,
Here may we all meet again.

4 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There may we all meet again.

15 P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

Mourning Souls.

POOR mourning souls in deep distress,
Making sad lamentation,
Find themselves lost in wickedness,
And under condemnation;
While thunderbolts from Sinai's mount,
Do sound with loudest terror,
And they as naught in God's account.
Are drown'd in grief and sorrow.

2 But who is he that looketh forth,
Sweet as the blooming morning ;
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
'Tis Jesus Christ adorning ;
Jesus can clothe my naked soul,
Jesus for me hath died ;
And now I can with pleasure sing,
My wants are all supplied.

16 *Jacob's Ladder.*

AS Jacob once travel'd, was wearied by day,
And at night on a stone for a pillow he lay,
He saw in a vision a ladder so high,
Its foot was on earth and its top in the sky.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,
To raise up this ladder of mercy for me!
Press upward, press upward, the prize is in view,
A crown of bright glory is waiting for you.

2 This heavenly ladder is strong and well made,
It has lasted for ages, and is not decayed ;
The feeblest may venture, by faith to go up,
And the angels will guard them from bottom to top.

3 Lo! upward and downward they constantly go,
Extending a hand to the toilers below;
And when a new convert sets out for the skies,
Their shouts to the top of the ladder arise.

4 "Another, another," they sing in their love,
"Is seeking his home and his treasure above;"
And angels in glory, responding, cry—
"come,"
And welcome each penitent sinner up home.

5 This ladder is Jesus the glorious God-man,
Whose blood freely streaming from Calvary ran;
By his great atonement to heaven we rise,
And sing in the mansions prepar'd in the skies.

6 Upon it our father's have gone home to God,
Have finish'd their journey, and gain'd their abode;
And we are ascending and soon will be there,
To join in their songs, and their heaven to share.

17 P. M. 4 11s, & 1 6s.

Bower of Prayer.

TO leave my dear friends, and with neighbors to part,
And go from my home, it affects not my heart,
Like the thoughts of absenting myself for a day,
From that blest retreat where I 've chosen to pray.
Where I 've chosen to pray.

2 Sweet bow'r where the vine and the poplar were spread,
And wove with their branches, a roof o'er my head;
How oft have I knelt on the evergreen there,
And pour'd out my soul to my Savior in prayer,
To my Savior in prayer.

3 How sweet were the zephyrs perfum'd with the pine,
The ivy, the olive, the wild eglantine!
Yet sweeter, oh sweeter, superlative were
The joys that I tasted in answer to prayer,
In answer to prayer.

4 'Twas under the covert of that blessed grove,
That Jesus was pleased my guilt to remove;
Presenting himself as the only true way
Of life and salvation, and taught me to pray,
And taught me to pray.

5 The early shrill notes of the lov'd nightingale,
That dwelt in my bower, I observed as my bell,
To call me to duty; and birds of the air
Sang anthems of praises, as I went to prayer,
As I went to pray.

6 And Jesus my Savior oft deign'd there to meet,
And bless with his presence my lonely retreat;
Oft fill'd me with rapture and peacefulness there,
Inditing in heaven's own language my prayer,
Own language my prayer.

7 Dear bower, I must leave thee and bid thee adieu,
And pay my devotions in parts which are new;
Well knowing my Savior is found every where,
And can in all places give answer to prayer,
Give answer to prayer.

8 Although I may never revisit thy shade,
Yet oft shall I think on the vows I there made;
And when at a distance my thoughts shall repair
To the place where my Savior first answer'd my prayer.
First answered my prayer.

9 My blessed Redeemer, my hope and my all,
Will guide and direct me when on him I call;
And when I am dying he'll be with me there,
And take me to heaven in answer to prayer,
In answer to prayer.

18 P. M. 4 6s, & 2 8s.

Unity of Brethren.

HOW pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree?
Each in his proper station move,
And each fulfill his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love.

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,

Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil, through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love, like heavenly dew, distills.

19 P. M. 3 7s, & 2 6s.

Social Meeting.

DRAW nigh to us, Jehovah,
In our social meeting;
In this propitious hour,
Oh, may we feel thy power
In our social meeting.

2 Draw nigh to us, blessed Jesus,
In our social meeting;
Oh, may we find thy favor,
Thou ever blessed Savior,
In this social meeting.

3 Draw nigh to us, blessed Spirit,
In our social meeting;
Convince and renovate us—
Anew in Christ create us,
In this social meeting.

20 P. M.

The God of Glory.

THUS saith the God of glory,
I'd have the world to know me;
As they must stand before me
To account for all they've done
I am the God of heaven,
Eternally I' m living;
All things are my creation,
For I am God alone.

2 O sinners will you hear me?
Then come and do believe me,
As you cannot deceive me—
All things to me are known.
Yourselves you are deceiving
My words by disbelieving;
Destruction you're receiving
From me, that's God alone.

3 O will you be reformed,
And to my words conformed.
My ransom is provided,
If you will only come
But if you do refuse it,
I never will excuse you,
Because you do abuse it;
For I am God alone.

4 How can you stand my judgments ?
When you shall in a moment
Hear the sounding of the trumpet,
A bidding you to come.
I then will fix your station
In hopeless desperation,
For slighting my salvation,
For I am God alone.

5 Draw near to me my Zion,
For I am Judas' lion ;
I oft times hear you crying,
I listen to your moan ;
I never will forsake you,
I ever will protect you,
No evil shall overtake you,
For I am God alone.

6 And if you lack for treasure,
And if you lack for pleasure,
Love me, and love no other,
All things to me belong:
I am the God of treasure,
I am the God of pleasure ;
And there is none that's higher
Than me, that's God alone.

21 P. M. 7s & 6s. Air.—The Watcher.

We'll Pray for the Downtrodden.

OUR lowly brother's lying
'Neath slavery's galling chain;
Shall we not heed his crying,
His sorrow and his pain?
Our sister's woes are calling
For swift, for prompt relief;
And when her tears are falling,
We may not mock her grief.

2 When on the blessed Jesus
We cast our woe and care;
For our downtrodden brother,
We'll breathe an earnest prayer.
For if we pass unheeded
Their grief and sorrow by,
They shall not go unpleaded,
Before the throne on high.

3 We will pray that our kind Father
Would haste the blessed hour—
The time of their deliverance
From the oppressor's power.
We'll plead with their erring masters,
To let the captive go;
That as they hope for mercy,
They must that mercy show.

22 L. M.

Spiritual Railroad.

THE line to heaven by Christ was made,
With heavenly truths the rails are laid;
From earth to heaven the line extends,
To life eternal where it ends.

2 Repentance is the station house,
Where passengers are taken in;
No fee for them is there to pay,
For Jesus is himself the way.

3 The Bible is the engineer,
It points the way to heaven so clear;
Through tunnels dark and dreary here,
It does the way to glory steer.

4 God's love the fire, his truth the steam,
Which drives the engine and the train;
All you who would to glory ride,
Must come to Christ, in him abide.

5 The first, the second, and the third class,
Repentance, faith, and holiness;
You must the way to glory gain,
Or you with Christ can never reign.

6 Come then, poor sinner, now's the time,
At any station on the line,
If you repent and turn from sin,
The train will stop and take you in.

23 P. M. 8s, & 9s.

Going over Jordan.

I AM a pilgrim and a stranger,
While wandering through this world of woe;
But there's no sickness, death, nor sorrow,
In that bright world to which I go.

CHORUS.

I'm going there to see my father,
I'm going there to see my Lord;
I'm just a going over Jordan,
I'm just a going over home.

2 I feel my sins are all forgiven,
I feel I'm on my journey home;
I'm going away to that sweet heaven,
Where Jesus smiles and bids me come.

CHORUS.

I'm going there to see my mother, &c

3 I'm going away to life's bright river,
I'm going there to see my Lord;
I'm going there to live forever,
According to his precious word.

CHORUS.

I'm going there to see my brethren, &c

4 I'm going to a world of pleasure,
That's far beyond this world of strife;
For there's my heart and there's my treasure,
And there's the blooming tree of life.

CHORUS.

I'm going there to see my sisters, &c.

5 I'm going there to rest forever,
From all my labors and my toils;
Where kindred spirits ne'er shall sever,
In that eternal world of joy.

CHORUS.

I'm going there to see my children, &c

24 C. M.

There are no Tears in Heaven.

WHAT though our bark o'er life's rough sea,
By adverse winds be driven,
And howling tempests round us rave—
There are no tears in heaven.

2 What though affliction be our lot;
Our hearts with sorrow riven;
Still let it never be forgot,
There are no tears in heaven.

3 Our sweetest joys here vanish all,
And fade like hues of even;
Our brightest hope as meteors fall—
There are no tears in heaven.

4 The mourner sad, who drown'd in grief
And long in sorrow striven,
Shall find at last a sweet relief—
Tears wiped away in heaven.

5 In God our joy and rest shall be,
And sorrow far be driven,
And sin and death forever flee—
There are no tears in heaven.

6 There from the blooming tree of life,
The healing fruit be given,
There, there shall cease the painful strife—
There are no tears in heaven.

25 P. M. 10s, & 11s.

O JESUS divine, my Lord and my God,
My soul I resign, the purchase of blood;
Thy law sin reproving, brings death to the soul;
But mercy, self-moving, can bid me be whole.

2 To thee will I look, to thee will I cry,
"O lead to the rock that's higher than I;"
Thy love interceding shall pardon secure,
For while thou art pleading, salvation is sure."

26 8s, & 7s.

The Rich Man and Lazarus.

THERE was a man in ancient times,
Our Savior doth inform us ;
Whose pomp and grandeur, and whose crimes
Were great and very numerous.
This man fared sumptuously every day,
In purple and fine linen ;
He ate and drank, but scorn'd to pray,
He spent his time in sinning.

2 Poor praying Lazarus at his gate,
To help himself unable ;
Did for the fragments humbly wait,
That fell from his rich table.
But not one crumb from his rich store,
The epicure would send him ;
The dogs took pity, lick'd his sores,
More ready to befriend him.

3 At length death came, the poor man died,
By angel bands attended ;
Strait way to Abra'm's bosom flight,
Where all his sorrows ended.
The rich man died, was buried too,
But oh ! his dreadful station ;
With heaven and Lazarus both in view,
He landed in damnation.

4 He cries, oh, father Abraham,
Send Lazarus with cool water ;
For I'm tormented in these flames,
With a most dreadful torture.
Says Abra'm, " Son, remember well,
You once did good inherit,
But now, alas, you 're doom'd to hell,
Because you would not share it."

5 This Lazarus whom you now behold,
All clad in dazzling glory ;
Did once by hunger wait, and cold,
Naked, and sick, before you.
But not one crumb would you bestow,
Or pity his condition ;
Therefore to glory he shall go,
And you sink to perdition.

6 Beside, there is a gulf between,
Preventing communication ;
Glory you cannot now enjoy,
Which augments your damnation.
He cries, oh, " father Abraham,"
Hear this my last desire ;
And then I yield to black despair,
And everlasting fire.

7 "I 've brethren in my father's house,
Posting their way to ruin ;
Send Lazarus them to arouse,
And hinder their undoing."

Your brethren have the means of grace,
The prophets too, and Moses ;
Sufficient if they choose good ways,
To come, whate're opposes.

27 4 6s, & 2 8s. Air.—Sanford.

THE house of God I love,
I love the sacred day,
Its moments I'll improve,
To learn the heavenly way ;
The way, the truth, the life I see,
Are all in Christ who died for me.

2 The way is plain to those
Who will repent of sin ;
The blood that freely flows,
Can cleanse each guilty stain ;
No merit of my own I claim,
My trust is in the Savior's name.

3 The truth I would believe,
As coming from the Lord ;
O help me to receive,
And treasure up his word.
The word can save the ruin'd soul,
And make the broken spirit whole.

4 The life of grace below,
The life of joy above,
O Lord, on me bestow,
Unworthy of thy love;

O bid me live this precious hour,
And ever know thy saving power.

28 L. M.

I'M glad I ever saw the day,
We met to sing, and preach and pray,
Here's glory, glory in my soul,
Which makes me praise my Lord so bold.

CHORUS.

We 're going home, we 're going home,
We 're going home to die no more.

2 Lord keep us safe while passing through,
And fill our souls with meekness too ;
Redeeming grace, that pleasing song,
We 'll sing as we do pass along.

3 I hope to praise him when I rise,
And shout salvation through the skies ;
Sing glory, glory, in the air,
Meet all my father's children there.

CHORUS.

We 're safe at home, we 're safe at home,
We 're safe at home in heaven at last.

29 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.

We Meet no More.

FAREWELL! we meet no more
On this side heav'n;
The parting scene is o'er,
The last sad look is given.
Farewell! farewell!

2 Farewell! my soul will weep,
While mem'ry lives;
From wounds that sink so deep,
No earthly hand relieves.
Farewell! farewell!

3 Farewell! my stricken heart
To Jesus flies;
From him I'll never part;
On him my hope relies.
Farewell! farewell!

4 Farewell! and shall we meet
In heav'n above?
And there in union sweet,
Sing of a Savior's love;
Till then, farewell!

5 O there we hope to meet—
On Canaan's shore;
We will each other greet
In heav'n, to part no more.
No more, farewell!

30 5, 5, 8, 5, 5, 8.

Consecration.

O JESUS our King,
These off'rings we bring;
And prostrate ourselves at thy throne;
We come in thy name,
No merit we claim,
We bring thee but what is thy own.

2 Thine Lord is the whole—
The body, the soul,
We give up in earnest desire;
Our time and our health,
Our influ'ence, our wealth,
Our affections that upward aspire.

3 Yet wilt thou approve
Such off'rings of love;
And when stewards thy treasures restore,
They find their reward,
In the joy of their Lord;
And what could thy servants have more.

4 Thy name we adore,
Thy blessing implore,
Oh! smile on the trifles we bring;
Accept from our hands,
What thy glory demands,
And thy praises aloud we'll sing.

31 6, 5, 8, 5, 6, 6, 5.

Poor Mary.

AT dawning of day,
Came Mary away,
To see the sepulcher and mourn;
But how did she fear,
When an angel drew near,
Saying, Mary! saying, Mary!
The master is gone!

2 Surpris'd at the sound,
With silence profound,
She tremblingly stood at the stone;
The stone is remov'd,
Lost is all that she lov'd,
Poor Mary! Poor Mary!
The master is gone!

3 In vain was my care,
Those perfumes to prepare,
Or attempt to embalm him alone
Taken hence from my view,
What, alas! can I do?
Poor Mary! poor Mary!
The Master is gone!

4 Hallelujahs arise;
Assist me ye skies,
And rejoice with mortal that mourn d;
Hence, sorrow! hence, care!
For I now can declare—
Raboni! Raboni!
The master is come!

32

4 11s.

O FOUNTAIN of goodness! we render thee praise,
For all the rich blessings that gladden our days—
For peace and enjoyment, for vigor and health,
For freedom's sweet sunshine, and wisdom's true wealth.

2 But chiefly we thank thee, for smiles of free grace,
So full, and so glorious, so fresh from thy face;
For sending in mercy, thy Son to make known,
The way of salvation — the way to thy throne.

3 O Lord, we will praise thee, in anthems divine,
At morning and evening, till life shall decline;
And then in the regions of infinite joy
A chorus immortal our tongues shall employ.

33

7s, & 6s.

Christian Experience.

MIXTURE of joy and trouble,
I day by day pass through;
Sometimes I 'm in the valley,
And sinking down with wo.
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagle's wings I fly,
I' m rais'd above Mount Pisgah,
And almost reach the sky.

2 Sometimes my hope's so feeble,
I almost lay it by;
Sometimes it is sufficient,
If I were called to die.
Sometimes I am in doubting,
And think I have no grace;
Sometimes I am a shouting,
And marching on apace.

3 Sometimes I go a mourning,
Down Babylon's cold stream·
Sometimes my Lord's religion
Appears to be my theme.
Sometimes when I am praying,
It seems almost a task;
Sometimes I get a blessing,
The greatest I can ask.

4 Sometimes I read my Bible,
It seems a sealed book ;
Sometimes I find a blessing,
When in it I do look.
Sometimes I go to meeting,
And wish I'd staid at home ;
Sometimes I meet my Savior,
And then I 'm glad I 've come.

5 O ! why am I thus troubled,
Thus tossed to and fro ?
Why are my hopes thus crossed,
Wherever I do go ?
Thy ways, O Lord, are equal,
It is because I stray ;
Lord grant me thine assistance,
To keep me in the way.

34 P. M.

Prospect of Home.

HOME, home, beameth before us !
When, when shall we get there ?
Long, long, we have wandered,
Burden'd with sorrow and care ;
Home, home, home, home—
Sorrow breathes not in its air.

2 Home, home ! there in thy bowers,
Sweet, sweet music shall swell ;

Sin, sin never can enter—
Peace in each bosom shall dwell!
Home, home, home, home—
Peace in each bosom shall dwell!

3 Home, home! land of the joyful!
Day, day, day without night;
Gloom, gloom spreads not its mantle—
When shall we bathe in thy light?
Home, home, home, home—
When shall we bathe in thy light?

4 Home, home! rest to the weary!
Peace, peace to the torn breast!
Hope, hope, hope of the erring—
There in thy bosom he 'll rest!
Home, home, home, home—
There will the wanderer rest.

5 Home, home! bliss to the parted!
Friends, friends dwell on its shore;
Here, here lonely they've left us;
Soon we 'll be parted no more.
Home, home, home, home—
Friends will be parted no more!

6 Home, home! let us now hasten!
See, see! angels above!
Hark! hark! now do they call us
Home to their dwelling of love!
Home, home, home, home—
Home of our Father's kind love!

35 P. M.

Christ Stilling the Tempest.

THE day was now past, and the star's twinkling light,
Sunk quietly down on the gloom of the night.
And a soft-flowing breeze caught the sail spreading wide,
And the ship floated swiftly along on the tide.

2 As the vessel bore off on the face of the deep,
The Savior reclined on a pillow to sleep;
And the dash of the spray and wild ocean roar,
Were lost in his slumbers and heeded no more.

3 While thus he was sleeping the tempest was heard,
And the billowy deep to its bottom was stirr'd;
Wave roll'd upon wave, till the vessel was fill'd,
And the blood of the bravest bold seaman was chill'd.

4 The sky, and the shore, and the ocean were vail'd
In terrible gloom, while the tempest prevail'd;
And efforts all failing the vessel to save,
Hope folded her pinions and sunk in the wave.

5 In that dreadful hour of frantic despair,
Bethought the disciples that Jesus was there;
They ran to his pillow, awaken'd their Lord—
He spake, and the tempest was still'd at a word.

6 Each fearful emotion was calm'd in the breast,
As the billows sunk back in ocean to rest;
And the voice of thanksgiving arose from each heart,
As the tempest's dread fury began to depart

36 6s, & 5s.

The Minister taking Leave of his Flock.

AND now my dear brethren
I'll bid you farewell;
I'm going to travel
The way to excel.

I 'm going to travel
This wilderness through,
Therefore, my dear brethren,
I 'll bid you adieu.

2 To think of our parting,
Doth cause me to grieve,
So well as I love you,
Yet you I must leave.
For Jesus commands me,
And I must obey ;
Therefore, my dear brethren,
I 'm going away.

3 May the heavens protect you,
Be Jesus your guide ;
On the walls of Mount Zion
I hope to abide.
Though we live at a distance,
And you I ne 'er shall see ;
On the banks of bright glory,
Acquainted will be.

4 There all things are pleasant,
The fields grow in green ;
And the parting of christians
No more shall be seen.
No sorrow, nor sighing,
Shall enter that place ;
There we shall all join,
In a song of free grace.

5 Adieu to all sorrow—
Adieu to all pain;
I'm going to Jesus
For ever to reign.
I'm going to Jesus,
For him I adore;
With saints and bright angels,
To dwell evermore.

6 O there I shall see
The blest angels above,
A shouting and praising,
In Jesus' love.
O then I shall look for
My brethren that's here,
And happy we 'll be,
To meet each other there.

37

6s, & 4s. AIR.—Bethel.

NEARER my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
Even though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song would be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

2 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

3 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

4 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forget,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, nearer to thee!

38

7, 5, 6, 5, 3.

God is Love.

LO! the heavens are breaking,
Pure and bright above;
Life and light awaking,
Murmur, "God is love!"
"God is love!"

2 Round yon pine-clad mountain,
Flows a golden flood;
Hear the sparkling fountain
Whisper, "God is good!"
"God is good!"

3 See the streamlet bounding
Through the vale and wood;
Hear its ripple sounding,
Murmur, "God is good!'
"God is good!"

4 Music now is ringing
Through the shady grove;
Feather'd songsters singing,
Warble, "God is love!"
"God is love!"

5 Wake my heart and springing,
Spread thy wings abroad,
Soaring still and singing,
God is ever good!
"God is good!"

39 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

WE will adore the God of power,
Who makes our sovereign will;
Who makes our youth confess to the truth,
And saves our souls from hell.
The Holy Ghost moves on our course,
Some tremble others fall;
Lord send a shower of thy great power,
And sanctify our souls.

2 Like the displays in those bright days,
The prophet Joel seen;
Old men they dream'd, young men they seem'd,
God's prophets for to be;
While some away in mountains pray,
As Jesus often did;
The Pharisees it did displease,
This thing they much forbid.

3 Such noise and shouts, were heard about,
When Pentecost was come;
By the third hour, there fell such a power
It fill'd them every one.
It did appear as we do hear,
To those that did stand by;
Like drunken fools, that broke the rules
Of pure christianity.

4 We cannot tell but what some fell,
As drunkards oft times do;
And cried aloud, and gave to God,
Hosannas every one.
And if they did its not forbid,
For the scriptures prove it true;
For Dagon and Saul were made to fall,
And down came the jailor too.

40 6, 6, 7, 6, 6, 6.

DEAR brethren, I have found,
A land that doth abound

With fruit as sweet as manna ;
The more I eat, I find
The more I am inclin 'd
To sing and shout hosannah.

CHORUS.

My soul now longs to go,
Where I shall fully know,
The glories of my Savior ;
And as I pass along,
I 'll sing the christian's song,
I hope to live forever.

2 What must this fountain be,
From which grace flows so free,
It yields both peace and pleasure ;
There's no terrestrial bliss,
Can ever equal this,
A foretaste of my Savior.

3 A testimony bright,
A ray of heavenly light,
My Lord hath also given ;
That when temptations rise,
I may not, in surprise,
Give up my hope of heaven

4 Perhaps you 'll think me wild,
And simple as a child—

I am a child of glory;
My birth is from above,
My heart is fill 'd with love;
I love to tell the story.

5 My brethren can you say,
That you are on your way—
Are on your way to glory?
I care not for your name,
Religion is the same,
With all who love the Savior.

6 My soul doth sit and sing,
And practices her wing,
And contemplates the hour,
When the messenger shall say—
Come quit this house of clay,
And with bright angels tower.

41 4 11s.

Farewell to the Missionary going to Heathen Lands.

FAREWELL to thee, brother, we meet but to part,
And sorrow is struggling with joy in each heart;
There is grief, but there's hope, all its anguish to quell;
The Master goes with thee, farewell, O farewell.

2 Farewell! thou art leaving the home of thy youth,
The friends of thy God, and the temples of truth,
For the land where is heard no sweet Sabbath bell;
Yet the *Master* goes with thee; farewell, O farewell!

3 Farewell! for thou treadest the path that he trod;
His God is thy Father, his Father thy God!
And if ever with doubting thy bosom shall swell,
Remember he's with thee, farewell, O farewell!

4 Farewell! and God speed thee, glad tidings to bear,
To the desolate isles, in the night of despair;
On the sea, on the shore, the promises tell,
His wings shall infold thee, farewell, O farewell!

5 Farewell! but in the spirit we often shall meet,
(Though the ocean divide us,) at one mercy seat,
And above ne'er to part, but forever to dwell
With the *Master* in glory, till then, O farewell!

42 8s, & 7s.

The Gospel Ship.

THE gospel ship has long been sailing,
Bound for Canaan's peaceful shore;
All who would set out for glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS.

"Glory! glory! hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
See the blissful ports of glory,
Open to each faithful eye.

2 Thousands she has safely landed,
Far beyond this earthly shore;
Thousands now are sailing thither,
Yet there's room for thousands more

3 Waft along this noble vessel,
All ye gales of gospel grace;
Carrying ev'ry faithful trav'ler,
To his glorious landing place.

4 Her sails well fill'd with heavenly breezes,
Swiftly glides the ship along;
All her company rejoicing,
"Glory!" bursts from every tongue.

5 Come, poor sinner, be converted,
Sail with us o'er life's rough sea;
And with us you shall be happy—
Happy through eternity.

43 7s

Mary at the Savior's Tomb.

MARY to the Savior's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn ;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume,
But the Lord she loved was gone.
For a while she ling 'ring stood,
Fill 'd with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 Jesus who is always near,
Though too often unperceiv'd,
Came her drooping heart to cheer,
Kindly asking why she grieved.
Though at first she knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
Soon her heavy griefs forgot,
For she found him still the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change a word can make,
Turning darkness into day !
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest tost.
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ ;
Weeping for a night may last,
But with morning comes the joy.

44

The Coming of the Lord.

IN the resurrection morning,
You will see the Savior coming,
And the sons of God a shouting,
In the kingdom of the Lord.
Are your lamps well burning ?
Are your lamps well burning ?
Are your lamps well burning ?
Are your vessels fill'd with oil ?

2 We feel the advent glory,
While the vision seems to tarry ;
We will comfort one another
With the words of Holy Writ.
Are your garments pure ?
Are your garments pure ?
Are your garments pure ?
And unspotted from the world ?

3 We are a band of strangers,
Trav 'ling through a world of dangers ;
But Jesus heads our army,
And we 'll conquor ev 'ry foe.
Let us join the army,
Let us join the army,
Let us join the army,
And defend the Savior's cause.

4 In the midst of opposition,
Daniel kept the same position ;
And waited for the promise
At the dawning of the day.
Ev 'ry one shall have deliv 'rance,
Ev 'ry one shall have deliv 'rance,
Ev 'ry one shall have deliv 'rance,
Who 've enlisted in the war.

5 By faith we can discover,
Our warfare 'll soon be over,
And we 'll shortly hail each other,
On Canaan's happy shore.
When we pass over Jordan,
When we pass over Jordan,
When we pass over Jordan,
We will live to die no more.

6 Ye saints of God, take courage,
Ye shall soon be free from bondage
For Jesus leads the army,
And we 'll surely gain the day.

When we gain the vic'try,
When we gain the vic'try,
When we gain the vic'try,
We will lay our armor down.

7 Come all ye valiant soldiers,
Arm'd with grace, and truth, and courage,
You must conquer every nation
Who oppose this heavenly war.
Let us die in the army,
Let us die in the army,
Let us die in the army,
And reigh above the sky.

8 In the days of earth's dominion,
Christ has promis'd us a kingdom,
Not left to other nations,
And shall never be destroy'd.
It shall stand forever,
It shall stand forever,
It shall stand forever,
And the saints possess the land.

9 We 'll have a shout in glory,
While telling of this story;
And we 'll keep ourselves all ready,
To hail the heavenly King.
When we meet our Savior,
When we meet our Savior,
When we meet our Savior,
How happy we shall be.

10 O, what a happy meeting,
When salvation is completed,
And the sons of God are shouting,
In the kingdom of the Lord.
We 'll obtain crowns in glory,
We 'll obtain crowns in glory,
We 'll obtain crowns in glory,
And we 'll shout forever more.

45 4 10s.

Why Fear to Die.

WHY fear to die, and leave this earthly scene?
There is a brighter, happier world above
A land of glory, and a home serene,
Where golden harps are tuned and all is love.

2 Why fear to die, and pass from earth away?
Death is a prelude to a home of rest;
Though 'side the valley, wearisome the way,
Beyond death's bourne are mansions ever blest.

3 Why fear to die? Jesus has gone before
To lead the way to that bright world above:
He says confide in me, and fear no more,
I safe will bear thee to a land of love.

4 Why fear to die? death sets the spirit free,
And opes the gate-way to immortal life;
There will the soul find rest, and ever be
Releas'd from life's stearn trials, toils and strife.

46. 6, 5 6, 5.

Calvary's Mountain.

WHY that look of sadness?
Why that down-cast eye
Can no thoughts of gladness
Lift thy soul on high?
O thou heir of heaven,
Think of Jesus' love!
While to thee is given
All his grace to prove.

2 Is thy burden'd spirit
Agonized for sin?
Think of Jesus' merit;
He can make thee clean.
Think of Calvary's mountain,
Where his blood was spilt;
In that precious fountain,
Wash away thy guilt.

3 Is thy spirit drooping?
Is the tempter near?
Still in Jesus hoping,
What hast thou to fear?

Set the prize before thee,
Gird thy armor on ;
Heir of grace and glory,
Struggle for thy crown.

47 L. M.

The Heavenly Mansion.

MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
And we 'll be gathered home ;
Nor death nor sighing visit there,
And we 'll be gathered home :
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we 'll be gathered home.

2 Its glittering towers the sun out-shine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

3 My Father's house is built on high,
Above the arch'd and starry sky.

4 Then from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

5 While here a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam.

6 I envy not the rich and great,
Their pomp of wealth, and pride of state.

7 My Father is a richer King,
That heavenly mansion still I sing.

8 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow.

9 Be mine the happier lot to own,
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

10 Then fail the earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine.

11 All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

48

7s.

Meet Again.

MEET again when life is o'er,
Meet again to part no more;
How it cheers the drooping heart,
When from friends we 're call'd to part.

2 Meet again where endless joy
We shall taste without alloy;
Meet where songs shall ne'er grow old,
Sweetly tuned to harps of gold.

3 Meet again, how passing sweet,
Friends long lost again to meet;
Care-worn souls tempest driven,
O how sweet to meet in heaven.

49

4 13s.

The Divine Call to the Ministry.

ONE day as I was walking along a lonesome road,
My Savior came unto me, and fill'd my heart with love;
He chose me for his watchman, to blow the trumpet loud—
To cheer the weak believer, and to invite the proud.

2 The cross appeared heavy—I then was in my youth—
O, how shall I be able to speak the words of truth;
But Christ said, "I'll go with you, and you may fear no ill—
Go blow the gospel trumpet, and do your Master's will."

3 I said unto my Savior, "my talents are but small,
Perhaps they will not hear me, if on them I do call;"
"But if they will not hear you, with you it shall go well;
Go blow the gospel trumpet, while they go down to hell."

4 These precious words of Jesus, caus'd me
to mourn and weep—
My couscience spoke of Jonah, as he lay in
the deep;
I took the cross upon me, I then began to
to blow—
I'll blow the gospel trumpet, I'll blow
where'er I go.

5 Come all ye blood-bought purchase, on you
I call to-day,
Fall at the feet of Jesus, and there begin to
pray;
Sinners, if you refuse him, I'll bid you all
farewell,
And blow the gospel trumpet, while you go
down to hell.

6 Behold the blood of Jesus, shed on Mount
Calvary!
Look up by faith, and view HIM, and He
will set you free;
But if you do refuse Him, and disobey your
Lord,
I'll blow the gospel trumpet, and clear me
of your blood.

50

The Christian's Farewell.

FAREWELL! farewell! to all below,
My Savior calls, and I must go;
I launch away upon the sea,
This world is not the world for me.

CHORUS.

This world is not my home.
This world is not my home.
This world hath many scenes of woe;
This world is not my home.

2 I've found the winding path of sin,
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilly wave I see
The land the Savior found for me.
O that shall be my home,
That land shall be my home;
That world hath neither sin nor woe;
That world shall be my home.

3 O praise the Lord, ye saints on high,
The angels sing, and so will I;
Where seraphs bend and bow the knee,
O, that's the land, the home for me.
O! that shall be my home,
That land shall be my home;
That world hath neither sin nor woe;
That world shall be my home.

4 Farewell! farewell! I cannot stay;
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not I cannot be;
This world is not the world for me.
This world is not my home,
This world is not my home;
This world hath many scenes of woe
This world is not my home.

5 O, that bright world appears in view,
My friends are there, and Jesus too;
Upon that peaceful happy shore,
I 'll meet them all to part no more.
O! that shall be my home;
That land shall be my home;
That world hath neither sin nor woe;
That world shall be my home.

6 There, on those high and flowery plains,
Where Jesus Christ forever reigns;
We 'll join the choir in heaven above,
And sing of his redeeming love.
O! that shall be my home,
That land shall be my home;
That world hath neither sin nor woe;
That world shall be my home.

51 AIR.—Will you Come to the Bower.

Sinners Invited to the Cross.

WILL you come to the cross
I died on for you ?
To save you from death,
That was justly your due.

CHORUS.

Will you, will you,
Will you, will you,
Come to the cross ?

2 And while at my feet
In contrition you lie,
I 'll hush with my love,
Every penitent sigh.
Will you, will you,
Will you, will you.
Come to the cross ?

3 'Tis your Savior that calls—
'Tis your God that implores
You sinners to turn,
And be sinners no more.
Will you, will you,
Will you, will you,
Turn and be free ?

4 Be free from the world—
Its temptations and care;
And take up the cross,
It is easy to bear.
Will you, will you,
Will you, will you,
Take up the cross?

5 It is feet to the lame,
And support to the frail;
And a weapon of war,
When your foes shall assail.
Will you, will you,
Will you, will you,
Take up the cross?

6 I've a mansion prepared
For the poor and distress'd;
Where the thief enters not,
And the weary find rest.
Will you, will you,
Will you, will you,
Dwell with me there?

7 Sinners take up the cross—
In that heavenly land;
There's a crown for your head,
And a palm for your hand.
Will you, will you,
Will you, will you,
Go with me there?

52

Admonition to Sinners.

THE voice of WISDOM hear,
Be in time, be in time;
The voice of WISDOM hear,
Be in time!
In earnest now begin,
To give up every sin;
For the night will soon set in:
Be in time, be in time!
For the night will soon set in:
Be in time!

2 Ye aged sinners hear,
Be in time, be in time:
Ye aged sinners hear,
Be in time!
Your sands are running fast,
Your die will soon be cast;
Ye aged men make haste:
Be in time, be in time!
Ye aged men make haste:
Be in time!

3 Though late, you may return,
Be in time, be in time!
Though late, you may return,
Be in time!
Though late you may return,
You 're not to late to learn;

While the lamp holds out to burn :
Be in time, be in time !
While the lamp holds out to burn :
Be in time !

4 You who are young in years,
Be in time, be in time !
You who are young in years,
Be in time !
You say you 're in your bloom,
And far from the dark tomb ;
But mind, your day will come :
Be in time, be in time !
But mind, your day will come :
Be in time !

5 Ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
Be in time, be in time !
You must die and wear the shroud
Be in time !
Then you 'll cry, and want to be
Happy in eternity ;
When the monster DEATH you see :
Be in time, be in time !
When the monster DEATH you see :
Be in time !

6 Backsliders, do you hear ?
Be in time, be in time !
Backsliders, do you hear,
Be in time !

Your sinful course forsake,
Yourself to prayer betake ;
Your deathless soul's at stake :
Be in time, be in time!
Your deathless soul's at stake :
Be in time !

7 Should you the work delay
You 're undone, you 're undone!
Should you the work delay,
You 're undone !
Should you the work delay,
And squander life away,
Death will be a solemn day :
Be in time, be in time !
Death will be a solemn day :
Be in time !

8 Oh ! should the door be shut,
When you come, when you come !
Oh ! should the door be shut,
When you come!
Should God in anger say,
Depart from ME, away ;
'Twill be to late to pray :
Be in time, be in time !
'Twill be to late to pray :
Be in time!

9 The gospel train's at hand,
  Be in time, be in time,
The gospel train's at hand,
  Be in time!
Behold your station there,
Jesus has paid your fare;
Let's all engage in prayer:
  Be in time, be in time!
Let's all engage in prayer:
  Be in time.

53

C. M.

We shall Meet Above.

WE meet upon this lonely shore,
  Those whom we dearly love;
When shall we meet to part no more,
  When shall we meet above?

2 We meet to bid the sad farewell—
  To love—to sigh—to part;
Alas, how soon the sweetest spell,
  Is driven from the heart.

3 The fairest flowers we fondly love,
  How soon their beauty dies!
But purer they will bloom above,
  In bowers of paradise.

4 In that bright happy land afar,
We 'll find the lov 'd, the lost ;
And naught our happiness can mar,
When life's rough sea is cross 'd.

5 Their love so pure, so rich, so deep,
Fills every heart with joy ;
Faith shall its full fruition reap ;
For doubt can ne 'er alloy.

6 We 'll meet again when storms are o 'er—
The ills of life are past ;
Then partings rend the heart no more,
We 'll meet, we 'll meet at last.

54 L. M.

Happy Day.

OH, happy day, that fix 'd my choice,
On thee, my Savior, and my God ;
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

CHORUS.

Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash 'd my sins away ;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.

2 Oh happy bond, that seals my vows,
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long-divided heart—
Fix 'd on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast

55

Angels Hovering Round.

THERE are angels hovering round,
There are angels hovering round,
There are angels hovering round.

2 To carry the tidings home,
To carry, &c.

3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, &c.

4 Poor sinners are coming home,

5 And Jesus bids them come.

6 There's glory all around,
There's glory, &c.

56 8, 8, 8, 6.

I will Come to Thee.

JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid 'st me come to thee—
O, Lamb of God, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot;
O, lamb of God, I come!

3 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
In thee, the Savior, I shall find—
O, Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fighting's within, and fears without,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
Because thy promise I believe,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O, Lamb of God, I come!

7 Burden 'd with guilt, would 'st thou be blest?
Trust not the world—it gives no rest:
I bring relief to hearts opprest—
O! weary sinner, come.

8 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss—
O! needy sinner, come.

9 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O! trembling sinner, come,

10 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come;
Thy Savior bids thee come.

57 C. M.

COME christians, let us join to praise
The Lamb on Calvary;
Who shed his blood upon the tree,
So free for you and me.

2 And by the virtue of the same,
To heaven I hope to fly;
And there to shout redeeming love,
With angels through the sky.

3 Deep waters I have to wade through,
My Father's face to see ;
O children, to your Father pray,
That he 'll remember me.

4 A pilgrim here on earth, I am
Bound to my Immanuel's land :
A mercy of the Lord 'twill be,
If in his cause I stand.

5 Hail, happy souls ! how fast you go,
And leave me here behind ;
Don't stay for me, for I do see
The land is good and kind.

6 Go on, go on, my soul says go,
And I 'll come after you ;
Though you 're so fast and I 'm so slow,
I 'll sing hosannah too.

7 God grant me strength, that I may go,
And guide my steps aright ;
Though you 're so fast and I 'm so slow,
You 're not yet out of sight.

8 One more request, my Father's flock,
I have to make of you ;
That when you 're at the throne of grace,
Then to remember me.

9 And when to heaven you ascend,
And there God's glory see ;
When you get home, your journey's done
Then look you out for me.

58 7s.

Missionary Hymn.

HAIL ye missionary band !
Bound for every nation ;
Christianize the heathen land—
Go preach a free salvation.

2 Loud proclaim a Savior, God,
Teach them how to read his word—
Point them to redeeming blood,
For their emancipation.

3 And while the Macedonian cry,
Is rolling over the ocean ;
Hear a western world reply,
Come give our tribes a portion.

4 Bring the precious word of life,
And we 'll cease from war and strife ;
Ground the tomahawk and knife,
And join in sweet devotion.

5 Fire-water we 'll reject,
Reform in our behavior ;
Missionaries we 'll respect,
And hope we shall forever

6 Wyandots are on the way,
Cherokees their off'rings bring ;
Massagosies sweetly sing,
And Chocktaws praise the Savior.

7 O'er the Rocky mountain's height,
Flat-heads shout the Savior ;
Afric's sons, they loud proclaim
Glory to God, forever.

8 Hark ! a voice from India's strand,
To Jugernaut we'll no more bend ;
The gospel's reach 'd our pagan land,
We feel we love the Savior.

59 8, 7, 8, 4, 8, 4.

Star of Peace.

STAR of peace, to wand'rers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me,
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea ;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.

2 Star of hope, gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee ;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea ;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.

3 Star of faith, when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee ;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea ;
Save him on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.

4 Star divine ! O safely guide him,
Bring the wand 'rer home to thee ;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea ;
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

60

4 11s.

Desires after Holiness.

HOW happy, how joyful, how loving I feel,
I want to feel more love, yea, more love and zeal,
I want my love perfect, I want my love pure,
That all things with patience, I may well endure

2 I want to be little, more simple, more mild,
More like my blest Master, and more like a child ;

More watchful, more prayerful, more lowly
in mind,
More thankful, more gentle, more loving
and kind.

3 I want to have wisdom that comes from
above,
I want my heart fill'd with the purest of
love;
I want my faith stronger, my anchor hope
sure,
And like a good soldier, all hardness
endure.

4 I want to be stripped of all human pride,
All malice and anger, I would lay aside;
From sin and from bondage I want to be
free,
And live, my dear Savior, live only to thee.

5 While suff'ring, enduring, in duty believe,
Forgiving, if any my spirit should grieve;
Rememb'ring at all times what Jesus did
say,
And set out anew, and begin every day.

6 My treasure in heaven I want to lay up,
Where nothing will enter, to rust or cor-
rupt;

Where no thief or robber, will venture or
dare,
My heart and my treasure, I want should
be there.

7 My faith, and my hope, and my love and
my zeal,
I want them deep rooted, and inwardly
feel;
I want my light clear, that beholders may
see,
How faith and good works in sweet union
agree.

8 My union I want with the Father and Son,
I want that perfected which grace hath
begun;
With love and sweet union, that sooths
every care,
And with my dear brethren all burdens to
bear.

9 Come love and sweet union, to thee I do
call,
I want to feel more love, yea, more love to
all;
O come, my beloved, come, hasten to
me,
And fill up my vessel, full as it can be.

10 Come brethren and sisters, both aged and youth,
And all who are willing to walk in the truth;
Come fill up your vessels, with union and love,
And on our blest journey we 'll joyfully move.

11 When time is no more, then from earth we 'll remove,
To dwell in the regions of pure light and love;
With Jesus our Savior, and all holy men,
We 'll sing hallelujah forever, AMEN.

61 7s.

"Lovest thou Me?"

HARK, my soul it is the Lord!
'Tis thy Savior, hear his word!
Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

2 I deliver 'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal 'd thy wound.
Sought thee wand 'ring, set thee right,
Turn 'd thy darkness into light.

3 Can a mother's tender care
Cease toward the child she bear?
Yes she may forgetful be,
Yet I will remember thee.

4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
"Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love to thee is still so faint
Yet I love thee, and adore,
O for grace to love thee more.

62 6s, & 7s.

Invitation to Sinners.

SINNERS go, will you go,
To the high lands of heaven?
Where the storms never blow,
And the long summer's given;
Where the bright blooming flowers
Are their odors emitting;
And the leaves of the bowers
In the breezes are flitting

2 Where the saints robed in white—
Cleans'd in life's flowing fountain;
Shining beauteous and bright,
They inhabit the mountain.
Where no sin, nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor be fear'd for the morrow.

3 He's prepar'd thee a home—
Sinner canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,
Sinner wilt thou receive it?
O come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding;
And the Savior will soon,
And forever, cease pleading.

63

C. M. [Double.

My Mother's Bible.

THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden, start—
With faltering heart, and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd;
She dying, gave it me.

2 Ah! well do I remember those,
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And spake of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.

3 My father read this holy book—
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean 'd God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thronging mem 'ries come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home.

4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I 've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasures give,
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

64 8s.

Realms of the Blest.

WE speak of the realms of the blest,
Of that country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd,
But what must it be to be there?

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Of its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there?

3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there?

4 We speak of its service of love,
Of the robes which the glorified wear,
Of the church of the first born above.
But what must it be to be there?

5 Do thou, Lord, midst sorrow and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare;
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

65 C. M.

Heavenly Joy.

JOY is a fruit that will not grow,
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And makes his glories known ;
The fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Savior seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love ;
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.

4 To take a glimpse within the vail,
To know that God is mine ;
Are springs of joy that never fail,
Unspeakable! divine!

5 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind ;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

6 No more, believers, mourn your lot,
But since you are the Lord's,
Resign to them that know him not,
Such joys as earth affords.

66 8, 7, 8, 7. Air.—Mount Vernon.

SISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know

3 Dearest sister thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled;
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed.

67 P. M.

Camp-Meetings.

CAMP-MEETINGS with thy presence crown,
And shower, O Lord, thy blessings down;
Fill every heart with holy zeal,
And all thy righteousness reveal.

2 O 'er all our hosts do thou preside,
And all our various movements guide;
The praying companies attend,
And show thyself the sinner's friend.

3 Pour out thy spirit on thy sons.
And visit thy anointed ones;
May every virgin trim her lamp,
And glory rest upon our camp.

4 May prayer and praise united rise,
Like holy incense to the skies;
In all our hosts display thy power!
May souls be born again this hour!

68 C. M.

The Royal Line.

WHAT poor despised company
Of travelers are these,
That walk in yonder narrow way,
Along that rugged maze?

2 Ah, those are of a royal line,
All children of a King;
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.

3 Why do they then appear so mean,
And why so much despised?
Because of their rich robes unseen,
The world is not apprised.

4 But why keep they that narrow road,
And travel it all their days ?
Why that's the way their leader trod—
They love to keep his ways.

5 Why do they shun the pleasing paths,
That worldlings love so well ?
Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

6 What, is there then no other road,
To Salem's happy ground ?
Christ is the only way to God,
No other can be found.

69 C. M.

The Land of Rest.

O LAND of rest for thee I sigh,
When will the moments come ;
When I shall lay my armor down,
And dwell in peace at home ?

2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful sheltering dome ;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

3 In Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam ;
And fly for succor to his breast,
And he 'd conduct me home.

4 I could at once have quit the field,
Where foes in fury foam;
But oh! my passport was not seal'd—
I could not yet go home.

5 When by affliction sharply tried,
I view the gaping tomb;
Although I dread death's chilly tide,
Yet still I sigh for home.

6 Weary of wand'ring round and round,
This vale of sin and gloom;
I long to quit the unhallow'd ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

7 Our tears shall all be wiped away,
When we have ceased to roam;
And we shall hear our Father say,
Come dwell with me at home.

8 The toils of life will soon be o'er,
I'll gain a peaceful dome;
And shout on Canaan's happy shore,
With Jesus, safe at home.

70 P. M. 8s, & 7s.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices,
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns the God of love:

See, he sits on yonder throne ;
Jesus rules the world alone.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah Amen.

2 Jesus hail ; whose glory brightens
All above, and gives it worth ;
Lord of life, thy smile enlightens,
Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth ;
When we think of love like thine,
Lord we own it love divine.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Amen.

3 King of glory, reign forever,
Thine an everlasting crown :
Nothing from thy love shall sever,
Those whom thou hast made thine own ;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destin 'd to behold thy face.
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Amen.

4 Savior, hasten thine appearance ;
Bring, O bring the glorious day,
When the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away :
Th n with golden harps, we 'll sing—
"Glory, glory to our King."
Hallelujah ! hallelujah ! hallelujah ! Amen.

71 P. M.

The Old Israelites.

THE old Israelites knew
What it was they must do,
If fair Canaan they ever possess'd;
They must keep in sight
Of that pillar of light,
Which then led to the promised rest;
That their camps on the road
Could not be their abode,
But as oft as the trumpet should blow,
Then all glad of the chance
For a farther advance,
Must take up their baggage and go

2 I am thankful indeed,
For that heavenly guide,
Which before me hath hitherto gone;
For that pillar of love
Which onward doth move,
And gathers our souls into one;
While the Israelite throng
Is advancing along,
To closer communion they flow;
And all that would stand
On the promised land,
Must take up their crosses and go.

3 The way is all new,
As it opens to view,
And behind is the foaming red sea ;
On Jordan's near side,
I can never abide,
For no place of repose do I see ;
I'm engaged in pursuit,
And must have the good fruit,
Which in Canaan's rich valleys do grow ;
Although millions of foes,
Should arise and oppose,
For me, I 'm determined to go,

4 All scatter 'd around
On this wilderness ground,
With sweet manna awhile we 've been fed ;
But this won't always do,
We must rise and go through,
And have the unleavened bread.
As the morning doth dawn,
For the camps to move on,
And the priests with their trumpets do blow;
At the sound of the trump,
I am ready to jump,
And for me, I 'm now ready to go.

5 Although some in the rear,
Preach terror and fear,
And complain of the trials they meet ;
And the giants before,
With great fury do roar,
I'm resolved not to move a retreat.

We 're little 'tis true,
And our number but few,
And the sons of old Anak are tall ;
But whilst I see a track,
I 'll never turn back,
But go on at the risk of my all.

6 Since loss is my gain,
I will never complain,
But as long as I 'm able to crawl ;
With the resolute few
I 'll arise and go through,
And suffer the loss of my all.
All my honors and wealth,
And my pleasures and health,
I am willing should now be at stake ;
And if Christ I obtain,
I will think it great gain,
For the sacrifice which I do make.

7 When I all have forsook,
Like a bubble 'twill look,
From the midst of the glorified throng
O then let us agree,
And from bondage be free,
And to Canaan be marching along ;
If I 'm faithful and true,
And my journey pursue,
I shall stand on that promised shore ;
I shall thankfully see,
What a blessing to me,
Was the mortifying cross which I bore.

8 By the labor of love,
And the patience of hope,
I 'll go on in the heavenly way ;
Till I come to the spot,
And inherit the lot,
Which the Lord God will give unto me
For it is union I seek,
With the lowly and meek,
So here is my heart and my hand ;
Since I 've fixed mine eyes
On that heavenly prize,
I 'll go up and possess the good land.

72 8, 6, 8, 8, 6. Air.—Woodland.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To weary wand 'rers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for ev 'ry wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heav 'n.

2 There is a soft and downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of ev 'n ;
A couch for weary pilgrims spread,
Where they may rest their weary head,
And find repose in heav 'n.

3 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driv 'n ;
When toss 'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heav 'n.

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
To brighter prospects giv 'n ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all's serene in heav 'n.

There fragrant flow 'rs immortal bloom ;
And joys supreme are given,
There, rays divine disperse the gloom ;
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of HEAV 'N.

73 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land ;
I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand :
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Where the healing streams do flow ;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliv 'rer, strong Deliv 'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side :

Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

74 P. M. 11s.

Christ in the Garden.

WHILE nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west;
O'er fields, by the moonlight, my wandering feet
Then led me to muse in some lonely retreat.

2 While passing a garden, I paus'd then to hear
A voice, faint and plaintive, from one that was there;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart.
In agony pleading the poor sinner's part.

3 In off'ring to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear;
His life as a ransom he offered to give,
That sinners, redeemed, in glory might live.

4 I listen'd a moment, then turned me to see
What man of compassion this stranger could be!
I saw him low kneeling upon the cold ground,
The loveliest being that ever was found.

5 His mantle was wet with the dews of the night,
His locks by pale moonbeams were glist'ning and bright;
His eyes bright as diamonds to heaven were raised,
While angels in wonder, stood round him amaz'd.

6 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood, and tears!
I wept to behold him! I asked him his name!
He answer'd, "'Tis JESUS! from heaven I came."

7 "I am thy Redeemer! for thee I must die!
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by;
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me,
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee!"

8 I heard with deep sorrow the tale of his woe,
While tears like a fountain of water did flow;
The cause of his sorrows to hear him repeat,
Affected my heart, and I fell at his feet.

9 I trembled with horror, and loudly did cry,
"Lord! save a poor sinner! O save, or I die!"
He smil'd when he saw me, and said to me "live;
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive!"

10 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice!
His smile, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
And shouted, "Salvation!" and "glory to God!"

11 I'm now on my journey to mansions above!
My soul's full of glory, of light, peace, and love!
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
Of that loving Stranger, who banished my fears!

12 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, decending, the trumpet shall sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise,
To gaze on the Stranger with unclouded eyes.

75 L. M.

The Mercy Seat.

FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm a sure retreat:
'Tis found beneath the "Mercy Seat."

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place than all beside more sweet:
It is the blood-bought "Mercy Seat."

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet
Around one common "Mercy Seat."

4 Ah, whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismay'd?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suff'ring saints no "Mercy Seat?"

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense seem all no more;
And heav'n comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the "Mercy Seat."

6 Oh let my hand forget the skill,
My tongue be silent, cold and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the "Mercy Seat!"

76 6 7s.

The Christian Soldier.

CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
He receiveth sinners still;
Who will serve this blessed King?
Come, enlist, and with me sing:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

2 Zion's King my Captain is,
Conquest I shall never miss;
Present pay I now receive—
Future happiness he 'll give:
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

3 What a captain I have got!
Is not mine a happy lot?

Therefore, will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ, my Lord :
I, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

4 Brother soldier ! still fight on,
Till the battle thou hast won ;
The great Captain we did choose,
Never did a battle lose :
We, his soldiers, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

5 " Come, ye sinner, come, enlist ! "
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ ;
Whosoever will, may come—
Jesus Christ refuseth none :
You, his soldier, sure shall be
Happy in Eternity.

6 Jesus, is my Captain's name,
Now, as yesterday, the same ;
In his name I notice give,
All who come he will receive :
You, his soldier, then will be
Happy in Eternity.

7 Be persuaded, take his pay ;
All your sins he 'll wash away
Now in Jesus' name believe,
Future happiness he 'll give :
Yes, in heaven, you sure shall be
Praising God eternally !

77 P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

O THAT I had some secret place,
Where I might hide from sorrow ;
Where I might see my Savior's face,
And thus be saved from terror !
O had I wings like Noah's dove,
I'd leave this world and Satan ;
I'd fly to heaven on wings of love,
Where Jesus stands inviting.

2 I have my bitter with my sweet,
While through this world I travel ;
I sometimes shout, and sometimes weep,
Which makes my foes to marvel !
But let them think, and think again.
I feel I 'm bound for heaven ;
I hope I shall with Jesus reign,
And, therefore, I will serve him.

3 I 'm oftimes made to weep and mourn,
Because I 'm faint and feeble ;
And when my Savior hides his face,
My soul is fill 'd with trouble.
But when he doth again return,
And I lament my folly,
Then I do after glory run,
And still my Savior follow.

4 I want to live a christian here,
I want to die a shouting ;
I want to feel my Savior near,
When soul and body's parting.
I want to see bright angels stand,
And ready to receive me ;
To bear my soul to Canaan's land,
Where Christ has gone before me.

5 I hope to meet my brethren there,
With all my faithful sisters ;
When Jesus smiles, our souls appear—
E'en now, methinks he whispers.
Come let us join the saints above,
Who sing free grace redeeming,
And range the countless fields of love,
Where glory's ever beaming.

78 P. M. 8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee ?
I thirst—I faint—I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.

2 Stronger this love than death or hell ;
Its riches are unsearchable ;

The first-born sons of light,
Desire in vain its depths to see ·
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, and height.

3 God only knows the love of God ;
O, that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine,
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !

4 O that I could forever sit,
With Mary at the Master's feet !
Be this my happy choice ;
My only care, delight and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.

5 O that I could with favor'd John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast ;
From care and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

79 P. M. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary !

Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh! let me from this day,
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray,
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior! then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh! bear me safe above—
A ransom'd soul.

80 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

COME all ye saints of God!
Wide through the earth abroad
Spread Jesus' fame;
Tell what his love has done—
Trust in his name alone;
Shout to his lofty throne,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

2 Hence, gloomy doubts and fears.
Dry up your mournful tears;
Swell the glad theme:
Praise ye our gracious King,
Strike each melodious string,
Join heart and voice to sing,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

3 Hark! how the choirs above,
Fill'd with the Savior's love,
Dwell on his name!
There, too, may we be found,
With light and glory crown'd,
While all the heavens resound,
"Worthy the Lamb!"

81 C. M.

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day ;
O may I there, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb ! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its pow 'r ;
Till all the ransom 'd hosts of God,
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this lisping stamm 'ring tongue,
Lies silent in the grave ;
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I 'll sing thy power to save.

82

" Joyfully, Joyfully."

JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers sing as I come,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

2 Soon will my pilgrimage end here below,
Home to that land of delight will I go:
Pilgrim and stranger, no more shall I roam,
Joyfully, joyfully, resting at home.

3 Friends I have there, who have pass'd on before;
Waiting, they watch me approaching that shore,
Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

4 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

5 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb—
Joyfully, joyfully, will I go home.

Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banish'd, his sceptre, be gone;
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom;
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

83 6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 7, 6, 4.

Happy Land.

THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away ;
Where saints and angels stand,
Bright, bright as day ;
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Savior King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Forever more.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away !
Why do you doubting stand ?
Why still delay ?
O, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye ;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then to glory run,
Be a crown and kingdom won,
And bright above the sun,
Reign evermore.

4 There in that happy land,
Rich plenty teems ;
Down over golden sand
Roll living streams.
Green are the fields and bowers,
Sweet the fruit and fair the flowers ;
All o'er that land of ours
Bright beauty beams.

5 There in that happy land,
Dwell spirits bright ;
There, round the throne they stand,
All cloth 'd in white.
There, free from care they rove,
Through each heavenly vale and grove,
And still with those they love
Find new delight.

6 There in that happy land,
Soft airs of spring ;
Like gales of Eden bland,
Health ever bring :
No sickness there, nor pain ;
Life and blooming youth remain
Death never comes again ;
Christ is their King.

7 O how I long to see
Jesus above,
From sin and sorrow free—
Perfect in love.

Oh ! then with angels bright,
I shall range the worlds of light,
And in my Savior's sight,
Live evermore.

84 4, 6, 4, 6.

New Year.

ANOTHER year
Has told its peaceful tale,
And still I 'm here
A traveler in the vale.

2 Ah ! not a few
Who seem 'd life's toils to brave,
Are hid from view,
Within the silent grave.

3 Why am I spared
To see another year ?
Why have I shared
So many mercies here ?

4 From God alone
My mercies I receive ;
To him alone
I would forever live.

5 Then aid my tongue,
Companions on the road,
To raise a song
Of gratitude to God.

6 Hallelujah !
Let all their voices raise ;
Hallelujah !
To God be all the praise.

85 6, 4 : 6, 4 : 6, 6, 6, 4. Air.—Oak.

Heaven is my Home.

I'M but a stranger here,
Heav'n is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heav'n is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round one on every hand,
Heav'n is my father-land,
Heav'n is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heav'n is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heav'n is my home.
Time's cold and wintry blast,
Soon will be over-past ;
I shall reach home at last,
Heav'n is my home.

3 There at my Savior's side,
Heav'n is my home ;
I shall be glorified,
Heav'n is my home.—

There are the good and blest,
Those I lov'd most and best,
There too I soon shall rest,
Heav'n is my home.

86 L. M.

Pilgrims going Home.

LEADER of faithful souls, and guide
Of all that travel to the sky,—
O come with us, with us abide;
We would on thee alone rely.

CHORUS.

We're going home, we're going home,
We're going home to die no more,
To die no more, to die no more,
We're going home to die no more.

2 Strangers and pilgrims here below,
This earth we know is not our place
But hasten through this vale of woe,
Now restless to behold thy face.

3 We've no abiding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course we steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light.

4 Patient the appointed race to run,
This weary world we cast behind ;
From strength to strength we travel on,
The new Jerusalem to find.

87 C. M.

JERUSALEM my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me ;
When shall my labors have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see ?

CHORUS.

With palms in view, we still journey on,
And tell the pleasing story ;
And when we reach fair Canaan's land,
We'll all sing glory, glory.

2 O ! when, thou city of my God !
Shall I thy courts ascend ?
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbath's never end.

3 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death, dismay ;
Jerusalem I soon shall view,
In realms of endless day.

4 Redeemed saints and angels there,
Around my Savior stand ;
And soon my friends in Christ below,
Will join the glorious band.

5 Jerusalem ! my happy home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

88 P. M.

Sacred Spot.

THERE is a spot to me more dear
Than native soil or mountain ;
A spot to which affection's tear
Springs grateful on its fountain.
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven,
But where I first my Savior found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long toss'd upon the ocean ;
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror ;
In that dark hour how did my groans
Ascend, for years of error.

3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was nigh me ;
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me.

Then quick as thought I felt him mine—
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted, glory, glory.

4 O sacred hour, O hallow'd spot!
When love divine first found me,
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee;
And as from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

89 P. M.

Voyage of the Soul.

WHEN for eternal worlds we steer,
When seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise;
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu!

2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore,
Each landmark on the distant shore—
The tree of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
I'm going home.

3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand;
With steady helm, and free bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the vail;
And now for joy she folds her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
I 'm safe at home.

4 Now safely moor 'd, no storms I fear,
My God, my Christ, my heaven are here,
And all the joys of Paradise
In loveliness and beauty rise.
'Tis now the soul with folded wing,
Her thrilling notes of joy shall sing,
"Glory to God."

90 6, 6, 4 : 6, 6, 6, 4.

My Mansion in the Sky.

MY mansion in the sky
Is built sublimely high,
Serene above!
Its massy towers of might,
Its gates all burnish 'd bright,
Blaze like the solar light,
Or mount of God.

2 On Zion's heights divine,
The city turrets shine,

Pillars of flame!
The joy of earth's oppress'd,
The home of spirits blest,
The everlasting rest—
Jerusalem!

3 The angel hosts are there,
Cherubs and seraphs fair,
And saints untold,
Snatch'd from terrestrial wrongs
To chant in happy throngs,
Their high triumphant songs,
With harps of gold.

4 Crowns they have all obtained,
And robes of white unstained,
Purchas'd with blood,
Waving their palms on high,
With thrills of holy joy,
Adoring they cry,
"Glory to God."

5 On that Elysian shore,
They weep, they sigh no more,
Forever blest;
Their warfare is all done,
Their latest foe o'erthrown,
Eternal honors won,
And heavenly rest.

6 Thither my hopes aspire,
My spirit is on fire,
To bound away.
From this dull vale of gloom,
From this sublunar tomb,
To rise, and sing, and bloom,
In God's own day.

91 P. M. 9, 10, 9, 10.

A Home in Heaven.

A HOME in heav 'n ! what a joyful thought,
As the poor man toils in his weary lot !
His heart opprest, and with anguish driven
From his home below to his home in heaven.

2 A home in heav 'n ! as the sufferer lies
On his bed of pain, and uplifts his eyes
To that bright home, what a joy is given,
With the blessed thought of his home in heaven.

3 A home in heaven, when our pleasures fade,
And our wealth and fame in the dust are laid ;
And strength decays and health is riven,
We are happy still with our home in heaven

4 A home in heav'n! when the faint heart bleeds,
By the Spirit's strokes for its evil deeds!
Oh! then what bliss in that heart forgiven,
Does the hope inspire of a home in heaven.

5 A home in heav'n! when our friends are fled,
To the cheerless gloom of the the mould-'ring dead,
We wait in hope of the promise given:
We will meet up there in our home in heav'n.

6 A home in heav'n when the wheel is broke,
And the golden bowl by the terror stroke;
When life's bright sun sinks in death's dark even,
We will then fly up to our home in heav'n.

7 Our home in heav'n! Oh, the glorious home!
And the Spirit join'd with the bride says, come;
Come, seek his face and your sins forgiven,
And rejoice in hope of your home in heav'n.

92

S. M.

Sing to Me of Heaven.

OH sing to me of heaven,
When I am call'd to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
To waft my soul on high.

2 When cold and sluggish drops
Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness!
Let heav'n begin below!

3 When the last moment comes,
Oh watch my dying face,
And catch the bright seraphic gleam
Which o'er each feature plays.

4 Then to my ravish'd ears
Let one sweet song be giv'n;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heav'n.

5 Then close my sightless eyes,
And lay me down to rest;
And clasp my pale and icy hands
Upon my lifeless breast.

6 Then round my senseless clay,
Assemble those I love;
And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
My glorious home above!

93

7, 6, 7, 6.

The Christian Begging and Praying on his way to Glory.

WHEN I set out for glory,
I left the world behind,
Determin'd for a city
That's out of sight to find.

CHORUS.

And to glory I will go :
And to glory I will go, I'll go, I'll go!
And to glory I will go!

2 I left my worldly honor,
I left my worldly fame,
I left my young companions ;
And with them my good name

3 Some said I 'd better tarry—
They thought I was too young,
For to prepare for dying,
But that was all my theme.

4 Come all my loving brethren,
And listen to my cry ;
And you that are backsliders,
Must shortly beg or die.

5 The Lord he loves the beggar,
Who truly begs indeed ;
He always will relieve him,
When 'er he stands in need.

6 I do not beg for riches,
Nor to be dressed fine ;
The garment that he 'll give me,
The sun it will outshine.

7 I 'm not asham 'd to beg
While here on earth I stay;
I 'm not asham 'd to watch,
I 'm not asham 'd to pray.

8 The richest man I ever saw
Was one who begg 'd the most;
His soul was fill 'd with glory,
And with the Holy Ghost.

9 And now we are encourag 'd,
Come let us travel on,
Until we join the angels,
And sing the holy song.

94 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

The Gloom of Autumn.

HAIL ye sighing sons of sorrow!
View with me th' autumnal gloom;
Learn from hence your fate to-morrow—
Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb!
See all nature fading, dying,
Silent all things seem to mourn;
Life from vegetation flying,
Brings to mind the mould 'ring urn.

2 Oft the autumn's tempest rising,
Makes the lofty forest nod;
Scenes of nature, how surprising!
Read in nature, nature's God.

See our Sov'reign, sole Creator,
Lives eternal in the skies ;
Whilst we mortals yield to nature—
Bloom awhile, then fade and die.

3 Lo! I hear the air resounding,
With expiring insects' cries ;
Ah! their moans to me how wounding!
Emblem of my aged sighs!
Hollow winds about me roaring,
Noisy waters round me rise,
While I sit my fate deploring,
Tears fast streaming from my eyes.

4 What to me are autumn's treasures,
Since I know no earthly joy ;
Long I've lost all youthful pleasures ;
Tim must youth and health destroy,
Pleasure since I fondly courted,
Shar'd each bliss that youth bestows,
But to see where then I sported,
Now embitters all my woes.

5 Age and sorrow since have blasted,
Every youthful pleasing dream ;
Quivering age with youth contrasted ;
O how short their glory seems.
As the annual frosts are cropping
Leaves and tendrills from the trees,
So my friends are yearly dropping,
Through old age and dire disease.

6 Former friends—O how I sought them,
Just to cheer my drooping mind,
But they 're gone like leaves of autumn
Driven before the dreary wind.
When a few more years are wasted,
When a few more springs are o 'er,
When a few more griefs I 've tasted,
I shall rise to fall no more.

7 Cease this fearing, trembling, sighing;
Death will break the sullen gloom,
And my spirit, fluttering, flying,
Must be borne beyond the tomb.
There I 'll see my blessed Savior,
There I 'll cease from all my toil;
There I 'll drink and feast forever
On that fair and happy soil.

95 6 13.

The Happy Man.

HOW happy is the man who hath chosen wisdom's ways,
And has measur 'd out his span to God in prayer and praise;
His God and his Bible are all that he desires;
To holiness of heart he continually aspires.

In poverty he 's happy, for he knows he has a friend,
Who never will forsake him though this world should have an end.

2 He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes his lays,
And offers up his tribute to his God in prayer and praise ;
And then to his labors he cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing that God will hear his prayers ;
Whatever he engages in, at home or abroad,
His object is to honor, and to glorify his God.

3 He hails with joy the morning that rolls the Sabbath round,
When in the courts of Zion he is always to be found ;
A seat amongst his brethren he 's always sure to fill,
Low at the feet of Jesus, to do his Master's will ;
He gives of his abundance, the poor to clothe and feed ;
And cares for all around them according to their need.

4 In sickness, pain, and sorrow, he never will repine,
While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the living vine ;

When trouble presses heavily, he leans on
Jesus' breast;
And in his precious promises he finds a
quiet rest;
The yoke of Christ is easy, his burden's
always light,
He lives, nor is he weary, till Canaan heaves
in sight.

5 'Tis then you have his history through life,
from day to day,
Religion is no mystery, it is a pleasant
way;
And when upon his pillow, he lays him
down to die,
In hope he still rejoices, for he knows his
Savior's nigh:
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul
on wings of love
Flies away to realms of glory, to dwell with
Christ above.

6 With saints, priests, and prophets, he tunes
the golden lyre,
And shouts hallelujah with all the heavenly
choir;
He's happy in eternity, his joys are now
complete,
With angels he is bowing around the Savior's
feet.

96 5, 6, 11, 6, 6, 11.

'TIS pleasant to sing
The sweet praise of our King,
As here in this valley of sorrow we move;
'Twill be pleasanter still
When we stand on the hill,
And give thanks to our Savior, our Master above.

2 'Tis sweet to recline
On thy bosom divine,
And experience the comforts peculiar to thine,
While born from above,
And upheld by thy love,
With singing and triumph to Zion we move.

3 On Canaan's fair land
We shortly shall stand,
With crowns on our heads, and harps in our hands;
Our harps shall be tuned,
The Lamb shall be crown'd,
Salvation to Jesus through heaven shall resound.

97 3, 3, 6, 3, 3, 6.

Sinners Invited.

SINNER, come,
'Mid thy gloom,
All thy guilt confessing;
Trembling now,
Contrite bow,
Take the offered blessing

2 Sinner, come,
While there's room,
While the feast is waiting
While the Lord,
By his word,
Kindly is inviting.

3 Sinner, come;
Lo! the tomb
Opens wide before thee
See death stand—
Lift his hand,
Waiting to devour thee.

4 Sinner, come,
Ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever
Now return,
Grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Savior.

98 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 5.

The Bewildered, Weeping Heart, Invited.

BEWILDER'D weeping heart,
What can relieve thee?
Come, sinful as thou art,
Christ will receive thee:
Come, though with woes oppress'd,
Soft is thy Savior's breast,
There may'st thou sweetly rest,
There nought can grieve thee.

2 Come, trembling, timid soul,
Why this delaying?
Thunders that o'er thee roll,
Fall on thee straying;
Turn from destruction's ways,
Turn to the throne of grace;
There seek thy Father's face,
Weeping and praying.

3 Hence, guilty fear and doubt,
Leave me forever;
Lord, wilt thou cast me out?
Never, Oh, never:
From unbelief of mind;
From thoughts to sin inclined—
From flesh and hell combin'd
Thou wilt deliver.

99 P. M.

The Prospect of Heaven.

HEAVENLY day, heavenly day, awaits our way,
Here on earth as strangers dwelling;
Joys we seek beyond decay,
Songs to God are ever swelling
Heav'n's high glory ever telling,
Though as pilgrims here we roam,
Yet in heav'n we'll find a home;
Heavenly day, heavenly day, awaits our way.

2 Heavenly day, heavenly day, awaits our way,
Hope bestows her smiles unceasing,
Sweet her beams around us play,
While our earthly life's decreasing;
While we wait our soul's releasing,
Though as pilgrims here we roam,
Yet in heav'n we'll find a home;
Heavenly day, heavenly day, awaits our way.

3 Heavenly day, heavenly day, awaits our way—
What though death our bond dissever,
Which unites thee to thy clay?
Dread the gloom, oh, never, never,

Light shall rise and shine forever—
Though as pilgrims here we roam,
Yet in heav'n we'll find a home;
Heavenly day, heavenly day, awaits our way.

100 P. M. 7, 6, 7, 7, 11.

Resurrection.

RISE, rise, rise from thy mourning;
Light, light breaks from the sky;
See, see light, the day dawning;
Jesus has risen on high!
Rise, rise, O rise—Jesus has risen on high!

2 Come, come, sing to the Savior;
Love, love beams from his eye.
Haste, haste, shine in his favor;
Worship the Savior on high.
Come, come, O come, worship the Savior on high.

3 Praise, praise yield him with gladness;
Earth, earth, banish thy gloom;
Death, death, O where's thy sadness?
Jesus returns from the tomb.
Praise, praise, O praise, Jesus returns from the tomb.

4 Hail! hail! christians adore him!
Here, here, anthems we sing;
There, there we 'll dwell in glory,
Eternally praising our King.
Hail! hail! all hail! eternally praising our King.

101

The Dying Saint.

A LITTLE longer here below,
I have a home in glory;
Right home to glory I will go,
I have a home in glory.

CHORUS.

O glory, O glory,
There's room enough in Paradise,
For all a home in glory.

2 There is a tree in Paradise,
I have a home in glory:
The christians calls the tree of life,
I have a home in glory.

CHORUS.—O glory, O glory, &c.

3 My elder brethren bid me stay,
I have a home in glory:
And angels beckon me away,
I have a home in glory.

CHORUS.—O glory, O glory, &c.

4 Bright angels watch around my bed,
I have a home in glory :
To carry me home when I am dead,
I have a home in glory.

CHORUS.—O glory, O glory, &c.

5 And when you put me under ground,
I have a home in glory :
I expect to rise at the trumpet's sound,
I have a home in glory.

CHORUS.—O glory, O glory, &c.

6 And when I get on th' other shore,
I have a home in glory,
I 'll sing and shout forever more ;
I have a home in glory.

CHORUS.—O glory, O glory, &c.

102 P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6.

Expostulation.

COME, my brethren, let us try
For a little season,
Every burthen to lay by—
Come, and let us reason

2 What is this that casts you down ?
What is this that grieves you ?
Speak, and let the worst be known,
Speaking may relieve you.

3 Christ, at times, by faith I view,
And it doth relieve me ;
But my doubts return anew,
They are those that grieve me

4 Troubled like the restless sea,
Feeble, faint, and fearful ;
Plagued with every sore disease,
How can I be cheerful ?

5 Think on what your Savior bore,
In the gloomy Garden ;
Sweating blood at every pore,
To procure thy pardon.

6 View him nailed to the tree,
Bleeding, groaning, dying,
See, he suffer'd this for thee,
Therefore be believing.

7 Joseph took his body down,
Shrouded it in linen ;
Laid it in the silent tomb,
And returned mourning.

8 Jesus rises from the tomb,
Angels fly from glory ;
See what glory shines around,
Hallelujah ! glory !

9 Brethren, don't you feel the flame?
Sisters, don't you love him?
Let us join to praise his name,
Let us never grieve him.

10 Soon we'll meet to part no more,
Soon we'll meet in heaven;
There we'll join the saints above,
And forever praise him.

103 4 8s.

The Cordial of Love.

HOW sweet is the cordial of love!
A balm to the sorrowful soul,
It flows from the fountain above,
And makes the disconsolate whole.

2 How happy the souls that are blest,
And sprinkled with Jesus' blood?
That lean on Immanuel's breast,
And live in communion with God!

3 This heavenly sweetness below,
Is common to all that believe;
The joys of communion they know,
In bonds of affection they live.

4 While striving to gain the blest shore,
They mutual succor afford;
They look to the haven before,
And follow their Captain the Lord.

5 Their joys that on earth are begun,
Will soon be completed above;
Their labor below will be done,
When lost in the ocean of love.

6 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with their Savior below;
Their union will then be complete,
And sorrow they never shall know.

104 P. M.

The Royal Proclamation.

HEAR the royal proclamation,
The glad tidings of salvation,
Publishing to every creature,
To the ruined sons of nature.

CHORUS.

Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
Over heaven and earth most glorious,
Jesus reigns.

2 See the royal banner flying,
Hear the heralds loudly crying,
Rebel sinner, royal favor
Now is offer'd by the Savior.

3 Hear ye sons of wrath and ruin,
Who have wrought your own undoing,
Here is life and free salvation,
Offer'd to the whole creation.

4 Turn unto the Lord most holy,
Shun the paths of vice and folly ;
Turn or you are lost forever,
Oh, now turn to God your Savior.

5 'Twas for you that Jesus died,
For you he was crucified ;
Conquer'd death and rose to heaven,
Life eternal through him's given.

6 Here is wine, and milk, and honey,
Come and purchase without money ;
Mercy like a flowing fountain,
Streaming from the holy mountain.

7 For this love, let rocks and mountains,
Pearling streams and crystal fountains,
Roving thunders, lightning's blazes,
Shout the great Messiah's praises.

8 Now our hearts have caught new fire,
Brethren, raise your voices higher ;
Shout with joyful acclamation,
To the King of our salvation.

9 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation ;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory

105 C. M.

JESUS ! thou art the sinner's friend,
As such I look to thee ;
Now in the bowels of thy love,
O, Lord ! remember me.

CHORUS.

Remember me, remember me,
O, Lord, remember me :
Remember Lord, thy dying groans.
And then remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary ;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 I own I 'm guilty, own I 'm vile,
Yet thy salvation 's free ;
Then, in thy all-abounding grace,
O, Lord remember me.

4 How 'er forsaken or distress 'd,
How 'er oppress 'd I be,
How 'er afflicted here on earth,
Do thou remember me.

5 Thou wond'rous Advocate of God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
O, Lord, remember me.

6 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee,
Thee O, my great Redeemer; God!
I pray remember me.

106 P. M.

Faith, Hope, Charity.

FERVENT praye'r my soul employs;
Faith is there and doubt destroys;
Fervent praise my soul employs,
Hope comes in and crowns my joys:
But as first and best to me,
Give me, give me charity;
Spotless charity—stainless charity,
Give me, give me charity.

2 Faith is my foundation stone,
Hope her temple rears thereon;
Faith unfolds its mansion fair,
Hope assures I shall get there:
But its joys are not for me
Without holy charity;
Give me charity—spotless charity,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

3 Faith hath told of bliss divine,
Hope declares it shall be mine ;
Faith points on to endless day,
Hope attends me on my way.
Jesus, by thine agony,
Faith and hope belong to me ;
But for charity—spotless charity,
That belongs to me and thee.

4 Faith may fail, and wane away,
Charity can ne'er decay ;
Hope may gleam with feeble ray,
Charity knows no decay :
Loveliest of all the lovely three
Still is spotless charity ;
Give me charity—give me charity,
Spotless, stainless charity.

107 P. M

Vanity of Earthly Things.

OH how cheating, Oh how fleeting,
Is our earthly being !
'Tis a mist in wintry weather,
Gather'd in an hour together,
And as soon dispers'd forever.

2 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting,
Are our days departing !
Like a deep and headlong river,
Flowing onward, flowing ever,
Tarrying not, and stopping never.

3 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting,
Are the world's enjoyments ;
All the hues of change they borrow,
Bright to-day and dark to-morrow,
Mingled lot of joy and sorrow.

4 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting,
Is all earthly beauty !
Like summer flow'ret flowing,
Scatter'd by the breezes blowing,
O'er the bed on which 'twas growing

5 Oh how cheating, Oh how fleeting,
All, yes ! all that's earthly !
Everything is fading, flying,
Man is mortal, earth is dying,
Christian ! live, on heaven relying !

108

4 11s.

Resigning all for Christ.

OH Jesus, my Savior! I know thou art mine ;
For thee all the pleasures of earth I resign :
Of objects most pleasing, I love thee the best ;
Without thee I'm wretched, but with thee I'm blest.

2 The Spirit first taught me to know I was blind,
Then taught me the way of salvation to find;
For when I was sinking in dreadful despair,
My Savior received me and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel;
The language of mortals forever must fail;
My Savior is precious, my soul's in a flame;
I'm raised into rapture, while praising his name.

4 I find him in singing, I find him in prayer;
In sweet meditation, he always is near;
My constant companion, Oh may we not part!
All glory to Jesus, who dwells in my heart.

5 If ever I lov'd, sure I love thee my Lord,
I love thy dear people, thy ways and thy word;
I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died, to redeem them from woe.

6 Sweet Spirit attend me, till Jesus shall come,
Protect and defend me, till I am call'd home;
Tho' worms my poor body, may claim as their own,
'Twill outshine, when rising, the sun and the moon.

7 Farewell my dear brethren, my Lord bids me come,
Farewell my dear sisters, I'm now going home;
Bright angels are whispering, so sweet in my ear,
Away to my Savior my spirit they 'll bear.

109 P. M.

The House of the Lord.

YOU may sing of the beauty of mountain and dale,
Of the silvery streamlet and flowers of the vale;
But the place most delightful this earth can afford,
Is the place of devotion—the house of the Lord.

2 You may boast of the sweetness of day's early dawn,
Of the sky's softening graces when day is just gone;
But there's no other season or time can compare,
With the hour of devotion—the season of prayer.

3 You may value the friendships of youth and of age,
And select for your comrades the noble and sage;
But the friends that most cheer me on life's rugged road,
Are the friends of my Master—the children of God.

4 You may talk of your prospects, of fame, or of wealth,
And the hopes that so flatter the favorites of health;
But the hope of bright glory—of heavenly bliss,
Take away every other, and give me but but this.

5 Ever hail, blessed temple, abode of my Lord!
I will turn to thee often, to hear from his word;
I will walk to thy altar with those that I love,
And delight in the prospects revealed from above.

110 P. M.

Angels' Welcome.

SAINTS of God! what glories meet ye,
As, from flesh releas'd, ye fly
Home to heaven, where angels greet ye,
With a welcome to the sky.

CHORUS.

Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome to your home on high.

2 Warriors, all your wars are ended,
All your strife and all your pain;
Foes with which you late contended,
Grace, triumphant grace hath slain.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Never shall they harm again.

3 Pilgrims, ye have ceased to wander;
Many a weary step ye trod;
Henceforth rest ye, blazing yonder
See the glorious mount of God.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome to our bright abode.

4 Mourners, ye have ceased your sighing,
All your day of sorrow's o'er;
Sickness, weeping, pain, or dying,
Ye shall never witness more.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome to our happy home.

5 Ye are not unknown in glory,
We have watch'd o'er all your ways;
And the *saints* who came before ye,
Ye shall greet in fond embrace.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome to this holy place.

6 Welcome here to dwell forever,
Wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood;
Never shall ye wander, never
Leave again this blest abode.
Welcome home, welcome home,
Welcome home, welcome home,
Ever welcome saints of God!

111 L. M.

SINNERS, perhaps this news to you
May have no weight, although so true
The carnal pleasures of the earth
Cast off the thoughts and fears of death.

2 The aged sinner will not turn—
His heart's so hard he cannot mourn,
Much harder than a flinty rock—
He will not turn though Jesus knock.

3 The blooming youth, all in their prime,
Are counting out their length of time;
They ofttimes say 'tis their intent,
When they get old they will repent.

4 But, oh! the sad and awful state
Of those who stay and come too late:
The foolish virgins—they began
To knock, but could not enter in.

5 Then, parents, take a solemn view,
Of your dear children, dear to you;
How can you bear to hear them cry,
And fault you with their misery?

6 When Christ, the Lord shall come again,
In solemn pomp and burning flame,
Say, Gabriel, go proclaim the sound,
"Awake ye nations under ground."

7 Oh! how will parents tremble then,
Who raised their children without prayer?
Methinks they'll hear their children say,
"I never heard my parents pray."

8 Good Lord, what groans, what bitter cries,
What thunder rolling through the skies!
Poor sinners sink in dark despair,
While saints are shouting through the air

112 8, 5, 7, 5, 5, 7, 5, 4.

I HAVE sought round this verdant earth,
For unfading joys;
I have tried every source of mirth,
But all all will cloy,
Lord, bestow on me
Grace to set my spirit free,
Thine the praise shall be,
Mine, mine the joy.

2 I have wander'd in mazes dark,
Of doubt and distress;
I have had not a kindling spark,
My spirit to bless;
Cheerless unbelief
Fill'd my wavering soul with grief;
What shall give relief?
What shall give peace?

3 I then turn'd to thy gospel Lord,
From folly away;
I then trusted thy holy word,
Which taught me to pray.

There I found release,
Weary spirit here found rest,
Hope of endless bliss,
Eternal day.

4 I will praise now my heavenly King,
I'll praise and adore ;
The heart's richest tribute bring
To thee, God of power,
And in heaven above,
Saved by thy redeeming love,
Loud the strain shall move,
Forever more.

113 12, 8, 4, 8, 8, 6, 5.

Invitation.

O COME, come away from sin, that dreadful monster,
Let Christ awhile upon you smile ;
O come, come away.
O come and taste redeeming love,
And then his truth and friendship prove,
And onward sweetly move ;
O come, come away.

2 From death and the curse in which you now are sinking,
Redeeming love will you remove ;
O come, come away.

O come along and join our throng,
And with us sing this cheering song,
And heav'n shall be your home;
O come, come away.

3 While watchmen are standing on the "walls of Zion,"
Inviting you to join in too;
O come, come away.
O, will you still refuse the call,
And into misery blindly fall,
And drink that burning gall?
O come, come away.

4 The bright morn of youth will soon be gone forever,
Its morning light may set at night;
O come, come away.
O come, while youth is in its prime,
And seek redeeming love divine,
And in Christ's army shine;
O come, come away.

5 When free from this world of sorrow and temptation,
We'll sail above on wings of love;
O come, come away.
And while angelic armies sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
We'll praise our eternal King;
O come, come away.

114 10, 6, 10, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

All is Well.

WHAT'S this that steals, that steals upon my frame ?
Is it death ? Is it death ?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame !
Is it death ? Is it death ?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free !
I shall the King of glory see !
All is well, all is well !

2 Weep not for me, my friends, weep not for me :
All is well, all is well !
My sins are pardon'd—pardon'd, I am free !
All is well, all is well !
There's not a cloud that doth arise
To hide my Savior from my eyes :
I soon shall mount the upper skies !
All is well, all is well !

3 Tune, tune your harps, your harps, ye saints in glory !
All is well, all is well !
I will rehearse, rehearse the pleasing story :
All is well, all is well !

Bright angels are from glory come,
They 're round my bed, they 're in my room;
They wait to waft my spirit home!
All is well, all is well!

4 Hark! Hark! my Lord, my Lord and Master calls me;
All is well, all is well!
I soon shall see, shall see his face in glory!
All is well, all is well!
Farewell my friends—adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you;
My glittering crown appears in view;
All is well, all is well!

5 Hail! hail! all hail, all hail, ye blood-wash 'd throng,
Sav 'd by grace, sav 'd by grace!
I come to join, to join your rapt 'rous song,
Sav 'd by grace, sav 'd by grace!
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heav 'n and glory now are mine!
All hallelujahs to the Lamb!
All is well, all is well!

115

6, 4, 6, 5, 5, 5, 5, 5.

The Tender Farewell.

PEACEFULLY, tenderly,
Here as we part,
The farewell that lingers
Be breathed from the heart.

No place more fitting,
O house of the Lord—
Here be it spoken,
That last prayerful word.

2 Thoughtfully, carefully,
Solemn and slow!
Tears are bedewing
The path that we go:
Perils before us,
We know not the way—
Kindly and safely,
O Lord, lead the way.

3 Upwardly, steadfastly,
Gaze on that brow;
Jesus our Leader,
Reigns conqueror now.
His steps let us follow,
His sufferings dare,
Go up to glory,
His blessedness share.

4 Patiently, cheerfully,
Up, and depart
To labor and duty
With undismay'd heart.
The ransom'd, with gladness,
To Zion we'll bring,
Shouting salvation
To Jesus our King.

116 6, 6, 8, 6, 7, 7, 3, 3, 6, 6.

Dawn of the Millennium

MORN of Zion's glory—
Brightly thou art breaking,
Holy joy, the light is waking.
Morn of Zion's glory.
Ancient saints foretold thee:
How vast the work before thee
Far and wide,
See them glide,
Streams of rich salvation,
Flow to every nation.

2 Morn of Zion's glory—
Every human dwelling
With thy notes of joy is swelling,
Morn of Zion's glory.
Distant hills are ringing,
Echo'd voices sweet are singing;
Haste thee on
Like the sun,
Paths of splendor tracing,
Heathen midnight chasing.

3 Morn of Zion's glory.
Now the night is riven;
Now the star is high in heaven;
Morn of Zion's glory.

Joyful hearts are bounding,
Hallelujahs sounding ;
Peace with men
Dwells again ;
Jesus reigns forever !
Jesus reigns forever !

117 10s, 5s, & 11s.

COME let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear !
His adorable will let us gladly fulfill,
And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

2 Our life as a dream, our time as a stream,
Glides swiftly away ;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay ;
The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through ;
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do !"

O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and set down on my throne."

118 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

Will you Go?

WE'RE trav'ling home to heaven above!
Will you go? will you go?
To sing the Savior's dying love!
Will you go? will you go?
Our sun will then no more go down;
Our morn no more will be withdrawn,
Our days of mourning past and gone!
Will you go? will you go?

2 We're going to reap the great reward,
Will you go? will you go?
Which Christ in heav'n for us prepar'd;
Will you go? will you go?
A rich supply of milk and wine,
And everlasting joys divine,
And robes that will the sun outshine!
Will you go? will you go?

3 We're going to strike the golden lyre!
Will you go? will you go?
And shout in strains of heavenly fire!
Will you go? will you go?

We'll sing of Gods redeeming grace,
And see our Savior face to face,
And evermore we'll shout his praise!
Will you go? will you go?

4 We're going to walk in plains of light!
Will you go? will you go?
Where perfect day excludes the night!
Will you go? will you go?
And crowns of glory we shall wear,
And palms of vict'ry ever bear,
And all the joys of heaven share!
Will you go? will you go?

5 The way to heaven is free for all!
Will you go? will you go?
For Jew and Gentile, great and small!
Will you go? will you go?
Come, now resolve—give Christ your heart,
From every evil to depart,
And now for glory make a start!
Will you go? will you go?

6 O could I hear some sinner say!
I will go, I will go:
I'll start this moment, clear the way!
Let me go, let me go!
My young companions fare you well;
I will not go with you to hell!
I mean with Christ in heaven to dwell!
Let me go, let me go!

119 6, 5, 6, 5.

The Resurrection.

THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

CHORUS.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds, come, come away ;
O let us be ready to meet the glad day.

2 And when the bright morning
In splendor shall come,
Our tears will cease flowing,
Our sorrows be gone.
While the mighty, &c.

3 The bridegroom from glory
To earth shall decend ;
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.
While the mighty, &c.

4 The graves will be open 'd,
The dead shall arise ;
And with the Redeemer,
Mount up to the skies.
While the mighty, &c.

5 The saints then immortal
In glory shall reign,
The bride with the bridegroom
Forever remain.
While the mighty, &c.

120

"Shed not a Tear."

SHED not a tear o'er your friend's early bier,
When I am gone—when I am gone:
Smile when the slow-tolling bell you shall hear,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Weep not for me when you stand round my grave;
Think who has died, his beloved to save;
Think of the crown all the ransom'd shall have.
When I am gone—I am gone.

2 Plant ye a tree which may wave over me,
When I am gone—I am gone:
Sing ye a song when my grave ye shall see,
When I am gone—I am gone.
Come at the close of a bright summer's day;
Come when the sun sheds his last ling'ring ray;
Come and rejoice that I thus pass'd away,
When I am gone—I am gone.

3 Plant ye a rose that may bloom o'er my bed,
When I am gone—when I am gone;
Breathe not a sigh for the blest early dead,
When I am gone—I a gone:
Praise ye the Lord that I am freed from all care;
Serve ye the Lord that my bliss you may share;
Look up on high and believe I am there,
When I am gone—I am gone.

121 P. M. 11, 12, 12, 12.

Last Trumpet and Judgment Scene.

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his ire;
Lo, self-moving, it drives on the pathway of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of Godhead are bow'd.

2 The glory! the glory around him is pour'd!
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord,
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.

3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard!
Lo! the depths of the stone-cover'd charnel are stirr'd;
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.

4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on his word.

5 Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love;
When beneath, to their darkness, the wicked are driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven,

122 P. M. Air.—"Old Folks at Home."

The Christian's Home.

FAR, far beyond the swelling river,
Where Jesus dwells;
Where angel-harps are ringing ever,
The heart with rapture swells;
Where bright the tree of life is glowing;
Where ills ne'er come;
Where life's pure waters, ever flowing,
Gladden the christian's home;
There, O there's my habitation,
There among the blest;
There, there the God of my salvation
Will give my spirit rest.

2 Bright, bright in yonder four-square city;
Ransom'd I'll sing,
Sav'd through His wond'rous love and pity.
Glory to my Savior King.
There Calv'ry's bloody ensign flying,
Pleading for me,
Tells that my blessed Savior, dying,
Purchas'd my liberty.
There, O there's my habitation,
There among the blest;
There, there the God of my salvation,
Will give my spirit rest.

123 P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.

The Precious Bible.

PRECIOUS Bible, what a treasure
Doth the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food or med'cine, shield or sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I want no more.

2 Food to which this world's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys:
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fill, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
Having meat and drink indeed.

3 When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind;
Cordial to relieve me quickly,
Healing med'cine here I find:
To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

4 In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the Scripture truths are sure,
From his malice I 'm secure.

5 Vain his threats to overcome me,
When I wield the Spirit's sword;
Then with ease I drive him from me,
Satan trembles at the word:
'Tis a sword for conquest made,
Keen the edge and strong the blade.

6 Shall I envy then the miser,
Doting on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I'm rich, 'tis he is poor!
Jesus gives me in his word,
Food and *med'cine*, *shield* and *sword*.

124 C. M.

On the Death of a Little Child.

AWAKE my soul, and hear the sigh,
Of those who mourn to-day!
Let tears distill from every eye,
And every mourner pray.

2 No more the smiling babe is seen,
Behold the gaping tomb!
The tender plant so fresh and green,
Has met its final doom.

3 The golden bowl by death is broke,
The pitcher's burst in twain;
The cistern wheel has felt the stroke,
The pleasant child is slain.

4 The winding sheet now binds its limbs,
The coffin holds them fast ;
To-day it 's seen by all its friends,
But this must be the last.

5 Until the Lord from heaven shall come,
To judge the great and small ;
And you and I before him stand,
And at his presence fall.

125 P. M. 4 11s.

Lines composed by Rev. John Crum, *near the close of his Life.*

I love my dear Jesus, I love him as Lord ;
I love him as Savior, I love him as God ;
I love him as Prophet, as Priest, and as King,
Therefore, his sweet praises forever I 'll sing.

2 I want none but Jesus, in sorrow and woe ;
I want none but Jesus, when I leave here below,
I want none but Jesus, when this body shall rise ;
I want none but Jesus, in yonder bright skies,

3 I want none but Jesus, when the trumpet shall sound ;
And the dead shall all rise, that sleep under ground ;

I want none but Jesus in the judgment day,
I want none but Jesus through all eternity

4 O Jesus my Savior, my Priest, and my King;
Dear brethren do help me his praises to sing;
To sing of sweet Jesus, while we're here below,
And shout and sing of glory as homeward we go.

126 C. M.

Redemption.

JESUS! thy love shall we forget;
And never bring to mind,
The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
And bade us pardon find.

CHORUS.

Our sorrows and our sins were laid
On thee—alone on thee;
Thy precious blood our ransom paid,
Thine shall the glory be.

2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
Thy fasting and thy pray'r;
Thy locks with mountain vapors we
To save us from despair.

3 Gethsemane can we forget,
Thy struggling agony—
When night lay dark on Olivet,
And none to watch with thee?

4 Can we the platted crown forget,
The buffeting and shame,
When hell thy sinking soul beset,
And earth revil'd thy name?

5 The nails—the spear—can we forget;
The agonizing cry—
"My God! my Father! wilt thou let
Thy Son forsaken die?"

6 Life's brightest joys we may forget—
Our kindred cease to love;
But he, who paid our hopeless debt,
Our constancy shall prove.

127 S. M.

Repentance.

IF Jesus Christ was sent,
To save us from our sin,
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.

2 He says he loves to see,
A broken hearted one;
He loves that sinners, such as we,
Should mourn for what we 've done.

3 'Tis not enough to say,
We 're sorry, and repent,
Yet still go on from day to day,
Just as we always went.

4 Repentance, is to leave
The sins we lov 'd before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

5 Lord make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.

6 And since the Savior came,
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We would at once begin.

128 C. M.

The Christian Pilgrim and Old Apolyon

COME all ye mourning pilgrims dear,
Who 're bound for Canaan's land,
Take courage and fight valiantly,
Stand fast with sword in hand.

Our Captain he has gone before,
Our Father's only Son ;
Then pilgrims dear, do not fear,
But let us follow on.

2 Through a dark howling wilderness,
To Canaan's peaceful shore ;
A land of pits, and snares, and death ;
Where chilling winds do roar ;
But Jesus will go through with us,
And guard us by the way ;
Though enemies examine us,
He'll tell us what to say.

APOLYON.

3 Good morning, brother traveler,
Pray tell to me your name ;
And whither you are traveling to ;
Likewise from whence you came.

PILGRIM.

My uame it is bold pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound ;
I am from the howling wilderness,
And the enchanted ground.

APOLYON.

4 Pray what is that upon your head,
That shines so clear and bright ?
Likewise the covering of your breast
So dazzling to my sight ?

What kind of shoes are those you wear,
On which you boldly stand ?
Likewise the shining instrument,
You hold in your right hand ?

PILGRIM.

5 With glorious hope upon my head,
And on my breast a shield,
With this bright sword I mean to fight,
Until I win the field.
My feet are shod with gospel peace,
On which I boldly stand ;
I mean to fight until I die,
To gain fair Canaan's land.

APOLYON.

6 You 'd better stay with me young man,
And give your journey o 'er ;
Your Captain now is out of sight,
His face you 'll see no more.
My name is old Apolyon,
This land belongs to me ;
And for your arms, and pilgrim's dress,
I 'll give it all to thee.

7 "Oh no ! " replies the pilgrim bold,
" Your offer I disdain ;
A glittering crown of righteousness,
I shortly shall obtain ;

If I continue faithful to
My blessed Lord's command,
I shall be heir with him above,
Of Canaan's fruitful land."

8 The pleasant fields of Canaan,
How beauteous to behold!
The valleys clad in living green,
The mountains ting'd with gold!
The trees of life with heavenly fruit,
Behold how rich they stand!
Blow gentle gales, and bear my soul
Away to Canaan's land.

129 P. M.

O THOU in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.
Where dost thou at noontide resort with thy sheep,
To feed on the pastures of love;
For why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O why should I wander an alien from thee,
And cry in the desert for bread ?
My foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.
Ye daughters of Zion, declare, have you seen
The star that on Israel shone ?
Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
Or where with his flocks he has gone ?

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestments shed odors around ;
The locks on his head are as grapes on the vine,
When autumn with plenty is crown'd.
The roses of sharon, the lilies that grow,
In the vales on the banks of the streams,
On his cheeks in the beauty of excellence glow,
And his eyes are as quivers of beams.

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer sweet,
Is heard through the shadows of death ;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,
And the air is perfum'd with his breath.
His lips as a fountain of righteousness flow
That waters the garden of grace ;
From which their salvation the Gentiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eye-lids and scatters delight,
Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubims vail in his sight,
And tremble with fullness of joy.
He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

130 P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

THERE is a holy city,
A happy world above,
Beyond the starry regions,
Built by the God of love;
An everlasting temple,
And saints array'd in white,
They serve the great Redeemer,
And dwell with him in light.

2 It is no world of trouble,
The God of peace is there,
He wipes away their sorrows,
And banishes their care;
Their joys are still increasing,
Their songs are ever new,
They praise th' eternal Father,
The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child in glory,
Out-shines the radiant sun,
But who can speak the splendor,
Of that eternal throne,
Where Jesus sits exalted,
In God-like majesty?
The elders fall before him,
The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
Who stood at Pilate's bar,
Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
And by his men of war?
He seems a mighty conqu'ror,
Who spoil'd the powers below,
And ransom'd many captives,
From everlasting woe.

5 The hosts of sin around him,
Proclaim his works of grace,
The patriarchs and prophets,
And all the godly race;
Who speak of fiery trials,
And tortures on their way;
They came from tribulation,
To everlasting day.

6 Now with a holy transport,
They tell their suff'rings o'er,
Their tears and their temptations,
And all the pains they bore;

They turn and bow to Jesus,
Who gain'd their liberty ;
Amid the fiercest dangers,
Our lives are hid in thee.

7 And what shall be our journey,
How long we'll stay below,
Or what shall be our trials,
Are not for us to know ;
In every day of trouble,
We'll raise our thoughts on high ;
And think of the bright temple,
And crowns above the sky.

131 P. M.

SAW ye my Savior ?
Saw ye my Savior ?
Saw ye my Savior and God ?
Oh ! he died on Calvary,
To atone for you and me,
And to purchase our pardon with blood

2 He was extended !
He was extended !
Shamefully nail'd to the tree,
Oh ! he bowed his head and died !
Thus my Lord was crucified,
To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding !
Jesus hung bleeding !
Three dreadful hours in pain ;
Oh ! the sun refus 'd to shine,
When his majesty divine,
Was derided, insulted, and slain.

4 Darkness prevailed !
Darkness prevailed !
Darkness prevail 'd o 'er the land ;
Oh ! the solid rocks were rent,
Through creation's vast extent,
When the Jews crucified the God-man.

5 When it was finish 'd,
When it was finish 'd,
And the atonement was made,
He was taken by the great,
And embalm 'd in spices sweet,
And was in a new sepulchre laid.

6 Hail, mighty Savior !
Hail, mighty Savior !
Prince and the author of peace ;
Oh ! he burst the bands of death,
And triumphant through the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss

7 Now interceding !
Now interceding !

Pleading that sinners might live ;
Crying, Father, I have died !
Oh, behold my hands and side,
To redeem them—I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them,
I will forgive them,
If they 'll repent and believe ;
Let them now return to me,
And be reconcil 'd to thee,
And salvation they all shall receive.

132 P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7.

SAVIOR visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain ;
All will come to desolation,
Lest thou visit us again.

CHORUS.

Lord, revive us, Lord, revive us,
Lord, revive thy work in me ;
Lord, revive us, O, revive us,
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

3 Surely, once thy garden flourish'd,
Every plant look'd gay and green;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd
Happy seasons we have seen.

4 But the drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed—
Help can only come from thee.

5 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples for our youth.

6 Some, in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below;
Some, alas! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

7 Younger plants—the sight how pleasant
Cover'd thick with blossoms stood;
But cause us grief at present,
Frosts have nipp'd them in the bud.

8 Dearest Savior, hasten hither,
Thou canst make the bloom again;
permit them not to wither,
Let not all our hopes be vain

9 Let mutual love be fervant,
Make us prevalent in prayers ;
Let each one esteem 'd thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.

10 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.

133 P. M. 8, 8, 8, 8, 7.

COME saints and sinners hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel,
Who sav 'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell,
And gave me heavenly union.

2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie ;
He look 'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass 'd by,
" With God you have no union."

3 Then I began to weep and cry ;
I look 'd this way and that to fly ;
It grieved me sore that I must die ;
I strove salvation for to buy ;
But still I had no union.

4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And, Oh! what seasons I have seen,
Since first I felt this union.

5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always found something to say,
About this heavenly union.

6 I now with saints can join to sing,
And mount on faith's triumphant wing,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
With loud hosannas to our King,
Who brought our souls to union.

7 Oh come, backsliders, come away,
And mind to do as well as say,
And learn to watch as well as pray,
And bear your cross from day to day,
And then you 'll feel this union.

8 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit these climes of pain and woe,
And then to glory we will go,
Where we shall see, and hear, and know,
And feel a perfect union.

134 P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

COME all ye weary travelers,
Come let us join and sing,
The everlasting praises,
Of Jesus Christ our King;
We've had a tedious journey,
And tiresome it is true;
But see how many dangers
The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
He call'd us unto him;
And pointed out the dangers,
Of falling into sin;
The world, the flesh, and satan,
Will prove a fatal snare,
Unless we do reject them,
By faith and humble prayer.

3 But by our disobedience,
With sorrow we confess,
We've had too long to wander
In a dark wilderness;
Where we might soon have fainted,
On that enchanted ground,
But now and then a cluster
Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan,
Give life, and joy, and peace;
Revive our drooping spirits,
And faith and love increase.
Confess your Lord and Master,
And run at his command;
And hasten on your journey,
Up to the promis'd land.

5 In faith, and hope, and patience,
We now are going on
The pleasant way to Canaan,
Where Jesus Christ is gone;
In peace and consolation
We're going to rejoice,
And Jesus and his people,
Forever be our choice.

135 P. M.

The Wondrous Love of God.

WHAT wondrous love is this,
O my soul, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
What wondrous love is this,
That caus'd the Lord of bliss,
To send his precious peace
To my soul, to my soul,
To send his precious peace to my soul.

2 When I was sinking down
In despair, in despair ;
When I was sinking down in despair,
When I was sinking down,
Beneath God's righteous frown,
Christ laid aside his crown,
For my soul, for my soul,
Christ laid aside his crown for my soul.

3 Ye friends of Zion's King,
Join his praise, join his praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King, join his praise,
Ye friends of Zion's King,
With hearts and voices sing,
And strike each trumpet string,
In his praise, in his praise,
And strike each trumpet string in his praise.

4 To God and to the Lamb,
I will sing, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb,
Who is the great I Am !
While millions join the theme,
I will sing, I will sing,
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

5 And when from death I 'm free,
I 'll sing on, I 'll sing on,
And when from death I 'm free, I 'll sing on,

And when from death I 'm free,
I 'll sing and joyful be,
And through all eternity,
I 'll sing on, I 'll sing on,
And through all eternity I 'll sing on.

136 P. M.

I'm a Pilgrim.

I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
Do not detain me, for I am going,
Where living fountains are ever flowing.

CHORUS.

I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There's the city, to which I journey,
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light ;
There's no more sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any tears there, nor any dying.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There the glory is ever shining ;
Oh, my longing heart, my longing heart is there :
Here in this vain world, so lone and dreary,
I long have wander 'd forlorn and weary.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

4 Father mother, sister, and brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go,
For if a vain hope, you still will cherish,
I cannot linger, and with you perish.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

5 Farewell neighbors, with tears I 've warn 'd you ;
I must leave you, I must leave you and be gone ;
With this your portion, your heart's desire,
Why will you perish in endless fire ?
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

6 Farewell dreary earth, by sin so blighted,
In immortal beauty, thou shalt be renew 'd ;
For he who form 'd thee, will soon restore thee,
And then thy dread curse shall never more be.
I 'm a pilgrim, and I 'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

137 P. M. 9, 9, 12, 9.

" What a Mercy ! "

WHAT a mercy, a mercy is this !
What a mercy a mercy is this !
What a mercy is this ! what a heaven of bliss !
If the Savior is found in my heart.

2 What will, Oh, what will become of me?
What will, Oh, what will become of me?
What will become of me, if death approaches me,
And the Savior 's not found in my heart!

3 'Tis awful, 'tis awful to relate,
'Tis awful, 'tis awful to relate,
'Tis awful to relate, if death should be my fate,
And the Savior 's not found in my heart

4 But welcome! O welcome death to me!
But welcome! O welcome death to me!
But welcome death to me, if Christ should set me free,
And the Savior be found in my heart.

5 Then adieu, friends, adieu to you all,
Then adieu, friends, adieu to you all,
Then adieu to you all, my dear Savior doth call,
And has promis 'd to dwell in my heart.

6 Adieu to afflictions and pain,
Adieu to afflictions and pain,
Adieu to all pain, for dying is my gain.
If the Savior is found in my heart.

7 How reviving and cheering to my mind,
How reviving and cheering to my mind,
How cheering to my mind, and the friends I leave behind,
If the Savior is found in my heart.

8 But we hope, O we hope soon to meet,
But we hope, O we hope soon to meet,
But we hope soon to meet, and worship at his feet,
And ne'er more from the Savior depart.

138

P. M. 5, 5, 9.

AIR.—'Midst Sorrow and Care.

The True Friend.

'MIDST sorrow and care,
There is one that is near,
And ever delights to relieve us.

2 'Tis Jesus our friend,
On whom we depend,
For life and all its rich blessings.

3 When trouble assails,
His love never fails,
He meets us with sweet consolation,

4 His bounties are free,
He hears every plea,
And welcomes the cry of the needy.

5 Blest mansion above,
Prepar'd by his love,
And waiting at last to receive us.

6 My Savior and friend,
On whom I depend,
My heart shall forever adore thee.

139 P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

AIR.—Abba.

The Annunciation.

HARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices,
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
Hear them tell the wond'rous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest glory!
Glory be to God most high."

2 Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
"Souls redeem d and sins forgiven,"
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
Christ is born the great anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King

3 Haste, ye mortals to adore him,
Learn his name and taste his joy ;
Till in heav 'n ye sing before him,
Glory be to God on high.
Haste, ye mortals, to adore him ;
Learn his name and taste his joy ;
Till in heav 'n ye sing before him,
Glory be to God most high !

140 P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

Drooping Souls Encouraged.

DROOPING souls no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious,
If on Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious ;
Jesus now is passing by,
Calls the mourners to him ;
He has died for you and me,
O ! look up and view him.

2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows the healing fountain ;
See the swelling cleansing tide
Boundless as the ocean ;
See the living waters move,
For the sick and dying ;
Now resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.

3 Gospel grace is always free,
Drooping souls to gladden ;
Jesus says, " Come unto me,
Weary, heavy laden,"
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise and reach to heaven ;
Yet if you on him rely,
All shall be forgiven.

4 Now methinks I hear one say,
I will go and prove him ;
If he takes my sins away,
Surely I will love him.
Yes, I see the Father smile,
Smiling moves my burden ;
All is grace for I am vile,
Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streams of mercy freely flow,
Surely now I feel it ;
Half has never yet been told,
O ! could I reveal it !
Jesus' blood has heal 'd my wound,
O ! the wond 'rous story !
I was lost, but now I 'm found,
Glory, glory, grory !

6 Glory to my Savior's name,
Saints are bound to love him ;
Mourners you may do the same,
Only come and prove him

Hasten to the Savior's blood,
Feel it and declare it ;
O that I could sing so loud,
All the world might hear it.

7 If no greater joys were known,
In the heavenly regions,
I would try to travel on,
In this pure religion.
Heaven's here and heaven's there,
Glory's here and yonder !
Brightest seraphs join with me,
To adore and wonder.

141 P. M. 6, 6, 9, 6, 6, 6, 6, 9.

HOW precious is the name !
Brethren sing, brethren sing,
How precious is the name ! brethren sing.
How precious is the name !
Of Christ our paschal Lamb,
Who bore our guilt and shame,
On the tree, on the tree,
Who bore our guilt and shame, on the tree.

2 I 've given all for Christ,
He 's my all, he 's my all ;
I 've given all for Christ, he 's my all.

I 've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest,
Unless he 's in my breast,
Reigning there, reigning there,
Unless he 's in my breast, reigning there.

3 His easy yoke I 'll bear,
With delight, with delight,
His easy yoke I 'll bear, with delight.
His easy yoke I 'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear ;
His name I will revere,
Evermore, evermore,
His name I will revere, evermore.

4 And when we all get home,
We will sing, we will sing ;
And when we all get home, we will sing
And when we all get home,
Around our Father's throne,
And millions join the theme,
We 'll sing on, we 'll sing on,
And millions join the theme, we 'll sing on.

142 C. M.

Something New.

SINCE man by sin has lost his God,
He seeks creation through ;
And vainly hopes for solid bliss,
In trying something new.

2 The new possess'd like fading flowers,
Soon looses its gay hue ;
The bubble now no longer takes,
The soul wants something new.

3 O could we call all Europe ours,
With India and Peru ;
The mind would feel an aching void,
And still want something new.

4 But when we feel a Savior's love,
All good in him we view ;
The soul forsakes its vain delights,
In Christ finds all things new.

5 The joys the dear Redeemer brings,
Will bear a strict review ;
Nor need we ever change again,
For Christ is always new

143 P. M.

Here is no Rest.

HERE o'er the earth, as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest—here is no rest ;
Here as a pilgrim, I wandered alone,
Yet I am blest—I am blest ;
For I look forward to that glorious day ;
When sin and sorrow will vanish away ;
My heart doth leap when I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest—there is rest.

2 Here, fierce temptations, beset me around ;
Here is no rest—here is no rest.
Here I am griev'd, while my foes me surround,
Yet I am blest—I am blest :
Let men revile me, and scoff at my name ;
Laugh at my weeping, endeavor to shame ;
I will go forward, for this is my theme—
There, there is rest—there is rest.

3 Here are afflictions, and trials severe,
Here is no rest—here is no rest ;
Here I must part, with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Sweet is the promise, I read in his word ;
Blessed are they who have died in the Lord;
They will be call'd to receive their reward ;
There, there is rest—there is rest.

4 This world of cares is a wilderness state ;
Here is no rest—here is no rest ;
Here I must bear from the world all its hate;
Yet I am blest—I am blest.
Soon shall I be from the wicked releas'd ;
Soon shall the weary forever be blest ;
Soon I shall lean upon Jesus' breast ;
There, there is rest—there is rest.

144 P. M. 12, 9, 12, 9.

Missionaries to the Heathens.

THEY have gone to the land where the patriarchs rest,
Where the bones of the prophets are laid,
Where the chosen of Israel the promise possess'd,
And Jehovah his wonders display'd.

2 To the land where the Savior of sinners once trod;
Where he labor'd, and languish'd, and bled;
Where he triumph'd o'er death, and ascended to God,
As he captive captivity led.

3 They go to the land where the heathens now dwell,
Impell'd by the love of their Lord;
His love to proclaim, His mercy to tell,
As reveal'd in his excellent word.

4 Thy blessings go with them; O, be thou their shield,
From the shafts of the fowler that fly;
O, Savior of sinners, thine arm be reveal'd
In mercy, and might, from on high.

45 C. M.

Imitating Wrestling Jacob.

AS Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now ;
Wrestle, and to my Savior hold,
Nor will I let him go.

2 Like Jacob, I am weak and faint,
And overwhelm'd with woe ;
Lord, hear, and pity my complaint,
For I'll not let thee go.

3 I come encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show ;
Unless thou bless me, dearest Lord,
I will not let thee go.

4 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Though I have been thy foe ;
Unless thou grant it, Lord, to me,
I will not let thee go.

5 I come to open all my wants,
My sorrow and my woe ;
Unless thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.

6 I come, thy promises to plead,
Where love and mercy flow;
Unless thou bless me, Lord, indeed,
I will not let thee go.

7 I come to give thee this vile heart,
Which sin has mangled so;
Unless salvation thou impart,
I will not let thee go.

8 I come to ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow;
Unless the blessings, Lord, I prove,
I will not let thee go.

9 Thus will I wrestle while I live,
A pilgrim here below;
And when in glory I arrive,
I will not let thee go.

146 L. M.

The Highway of Holiness.

A HIGHWAY hath the Lord made known,
Through Jesus Christ his own dear Son,
"I am," saith he, "the truth the way,"
All other paths lead you astray.

2 If in this road you wish to be,
"Take up your cross and follow me;
Deny yourself of ev'ry lust,
And in me truly put your trust.

3 The way is difficult and straight,
Narrow the road to heaven's gate;
And if you hope to enter in,
You must be separate from sin.

4 No stranger shall proceed therein,
No lovers of the world and sin;
Nothing unholy or unclean,
Shall in this holy way be seen.

5 No vulture's eye nor beasts of prey,
Hath seen this happy narrow way;
No lion's whelp hath trod the road,
That leads the pilgrim home to God.

6 It was cast up for the redeem'd,
And for all the way-faring men,
Then let us strive to watch and pray,
And walk in Christ the living way.

147 P. M. 11, 11, 11, 11.

Giving the Parting Hand.

FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the t
is at hand,
That we must be parted from this s
band,

Our several engagements now call us away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for awhile,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile;
But when we are parted, and scatter'd abroad,
We'll pray for each other, and wrestle with God.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be discharg'd;
The war will be ended, your treasure enenlarg'd;
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the shore.

4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.

5 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad broken heart,
O, hasten to Jesus, and choose the good part;
He's full of compassion, and mighty to save,
His arms are extended, your souls to receive.

6 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all around,
Perhaps we 'll not meet till the last trump shall sound,
To meet you in glory, I give you my hand,
Our Savior to praise in that heavenly land.

148 P. M. 10, 10, 11, 11.

The Lord will Provide.

THOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all unite,
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The promise assures us—the Lord will provide.

2 The birds without barn or storehouse, are fed,
From them let us learn to trust for our bread;
His saints what is fitting shall ne 'er be denied,
So Long as 'tis written, the Lord will provide.

3 When satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried,)
The heart-cheering promise—the Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we 're weak—our hope is in vain ;
The good that we seek we ne 'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions—the Lord will provide.

5 No strength of our own, or goodness we claim ;
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name ;
In this our strong tower for safety we hide ;
The Lord is our power—the Lord will provide.

6 When life sinks apace, and death heaves in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through ;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on our side,
We hope to die shouting—the Lord will provide.

149 P. M. or 4 lines 7s.

The Divine Melchisedek.

KING of Salem, bless my soul!
Make a wounded sinner whole;
King of righteousness and peace,
Let not thy sweet visit cease!

2 Come! refresh this soul of mine,
With thy sacred bread and wine!
All thy love to me unfold,
Half of which cannot be told.

3 Hail! Melchisedek divine!
Thou great High Priest shall be mine:
All my powers before thee fall,
Take not tithe, but take them all.

150 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

AIR.—Siberia.

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still and gaze;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace!
Blessed jubilee, blessed jubilee!
Let the glorious morning dawn!

2 Let the dark benighted pagan,
Let the rude barbarian, see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel, let the gospel
Loud resound, from pole to pole.

3 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light !
Now from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
Let redemption, let redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.

4 Fly abroad thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease !
May the lasting, wide dominions
Multiply, and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre, sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around.

151 P. M. 10, 8, 10, 8, 10, 8, 10, 8.

The Happy Children.

WHAT happy children who follow Jesus,
Into the house of pray'r and praise,
And join in union, while love increases,
Resolv'd this way to spend our days.

Altho' we're hated by the world and Satan,
The flesh, and such as love not God ;
Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
We ofttimes find on Canaan's road.

2 Since we've been waiting on blessed Jesus,
We found some strength come from above.
Our hearts have burn'd with holy rapture,
We long to dwell with Christ above.
Then let us hold fast what is given,
And trust in God for time to come ;
Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
So farewell, brethren, we're going home.

3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
And pray for those who spurn his grace ;
Lest they should lose love's richest treasure
And ne'er enjoy his smiling face.
Now here's my heart and my best wishes,
In token of my Christian love;
In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
So farewell, brethren, we'll meet above.

152 C. M.

OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, joined in one ;
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,
'Tis heav'n on earth begun.

Our hearts did burn while Jesus spake,
And glow'd with sacred fire;
He stopp'd and talk'd, and fed and blest,
And fill'd th' enlarg'd desire.

CHORUS.

A Savior let creation sing;
A Savior let all heaven ring:
He's God with us, we feel him ours,
His fullness in our souls he pours;
'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er,
We're joining those who're gone before;
We soon shall meet to part no more;
We soon shall meet to part no more;

2 The little cloud increases fast,
The heavens are big with rain;
We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
And all its moisture drain.
A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
Yet pour the mighty flood;
O! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
Then all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaim'd by thee alone.
May we a little band of love,
Be sinners sav'd by grace;
From glory into glory chang'd,
Behold thee face to face.

153 10s, 11s, & 12s.

The Voice of Triumph.

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die;
Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominions of death and the grave;
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save:
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
The Savior hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
The being he gave us death cannot destroy:
Sad were the life we may part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birthright, and death were our end;
But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend:
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die

154 P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6.

THE road that many travel in,
Is not the road for me ;
It leads to everlasting pain,
In it I would not be.
But there's a road that leads to God,
It's mark'd by Christ's most precious blood,
The passage here is free ;
O that's the road for me.

2 The pearls that worldlings covet so,
Are not the pearls for me ;
Their beauty fades as quickly too,
As sun-shine on the sea.
But there's a pearl sought by the wise,
It's call'd the pearl of greatest price,
Though few its value see :
O that's the pearl for me.

3 The hope that sinners cherish here,
Is not the hope for me ;
Most surely will they perish there,
Unless from sin they flee.
But there's a hope that's fix'd in God,
It leads the soul to keep his word,
And sinful pleasures flee :
O that's the hope for me.

4 The crown that decks the monarch's brow
Is not the crown for me ;
It dazzles but a moment now,
Its brightness soon will flee.
But there's a crown prepar'd above,
For those who walk in humble love,
Forever bright will be.
O that's the crown for me.

155

Death and Resurrection of Christ

CHRIST was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
Christ was born in Bethlehem,
And in a manger laid :
But he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

2 His life was our example,
His life was our example,
His life was our example,
His death our only hope :
For he rose, he rose, yes, he rose,
And went to heaven in a cloud

3 Peter he denied him,
Peter he denied him,
Peter he denied him,
And sadly he did weep :
Till he rose, he rose, for he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

4 Judas he betray 'd him,
Judas he betray 'd him,
Judas he betray 'd him,
With a deceitful kiss :
But he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

5 The Jews they crucified him,
The Jews they crucified him,
The Jews they crucified him,
And nail 'd him to the cross :
But he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

6 Joseph begg 'd his body,
Joseph begg 'd his body,
Joseph begg 'd his body,
And laid it in the tomb :
But he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

7 Mary came a weeping,
Mary came a weeping,
Mary came a weeping,
To see her loving Lord :
For he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

8 Down came a shining angel,
Down came a shining angel,
Down came a shining angel,
And roll 'd away the stone :

Then he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

9 Christ came forth triumphant,
Christ came forth triumphant,
Christ came forth triumphant,
And conquer'd death and hell:
For he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

10 Go tell John and Peter,
Go tell John and Peter,
Go tell John and Peter,
I 'm risen from the dead:
Jesus rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

11 Shout! shout! the victory,
Shout! shout! the victory,
Shout! shout! the victory,
We 're on our journey home:
For he rose, he rose, yes, he rose
And went to heaven in a cloud.

156 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

The Little Scholar.

I AM a little scholar,
I daily go to school;
To learn my Master's lessons,
That perfect holy rule.

The scholars they all love him,
The school is good and free;
Come all ye careless sinners,
And go to school with me

2 I am a little christian,
The Lord has made me so;
A lonely little creature,
What wonders he can do.
I love the things I hated,
I hate the things I lov'd;
My Master is preparing me,
To reign with him above.

3 I am a little preacher,
I preach the gospel free;
And what my Master gives me,
I give it all away.
And when my heart is empty,
I 'll go to Master's store;
And tell him all about it,
He smiles and gives me more.

4 I am a little watchman,
I stand on Zion's hill;
And when the foe is coming,
I give a certain call.
I 'll blow the gospel trumpet,
To let the people know
That all who will take warning,
May escape from every foe.

5 I am a little shepherd,
I feed my Master's sheep ;
It's on the hills of Zion,
'Tis them I love to keep.
The food my Master gives me,
With which I feed the flock,
Is the word of life divine,
And honey from the Rock.

6 I am a little soldier,
I 've listed in the war ;
I 've fought through many a battle,
And may fight as many more.
And when the war is ended,
I 'll lay my armor down ;
And fly away to Jesus,
To wear a starry crown.

157 P. M. 7, 7, 7, 4.

WORTHY, worthy is the Lamb !
Down from heaven to earth he came,
Glory be unto his name
Who once was slain.

CHORUS.

Glory ! hallelujah !
Praise him ! hallelujah !
Glory ! hallelujah !
Praise ye the Lord !

2 Bend thy bow, and whet thy sword,
Send thy Spirit with thy word ;
Now revive thy work, O Lord !
Thou bleeding Lamb !
Glory ! hallelujah ! &c

3 In this place, and at this hour,
Bare thy arm, display thy power,
Show thyself the conqueror,
Thou reigning Lamb.
Glory ! hallelujah ! &c.

4 Stars of morning, shout for joy
Sing redemption's mystery ;
Holy ! holy ! holy ! cry—
Praise ye the Lord !
Glory ! hallelujah ! &c.

5 Strike the stoutest sinner through,
Force the cry : "what shall I do !"
Let him weep till born anew,
To praise the Lord.
Glory ! hallelujah ! &c

6 And when landed safe above,
In the kingdom of his love,
We shall all the fullness prove,
Of Christ, the Lamb.
Glory ! hallelujah !

158 P. M.

Christian Encouragement.

CHRISTIAN dear, who art here,
Don 't get fearful ;
Tribulation we have here :
Meet with trials, death, and fear,
Soon releas 'd you 'll triumph cheerful.

2 Be sincere, ever clear,
From all sinning ;
Jesus ever near will be :
Grace he 'll give to comfort thee ;
Till in triumph you 'll be singing.

3 World adieu ; I 'll pursue
On my journey ;
On that good old way I 'll stay ;
In that narrow happy way—
Christ will lead me on my journey.

4 God remains still the same ;
Precious Master !
He will lead me by the hand,
Bring me to the Father-land ;
To the sweet and heavenly pasture.

5 Is the time drawing nigh
When death shall meet me
Jesus still will be my friend ;
Angels guide me to the end ;
Bring me home where saints shall greet me.

6 In that place we 'll embrace
Dear acquaintances ;
Who suffer 'd tribulation here ;
Now are free from death and fear ;
Also, new and dear relations.

7 With God 's Son around his throne—
Hear members praising :
When like thunders voice you 'll hear !
And like mighty waters roar !
While the heavenly songs are raising !

159 P. M.

Salvation is a Joyful Sound.

SALVATION is a joyful sound ;
Jesus brought from heaven down,
To Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
And every one may come and see.

CHORUS.

Jesus said that they might be
Happy in eternity.
Eternity, eternity ;
Happy in eternity.

2 Jesus the meek and lowly Lamb,
Appear'd a babe in Bethlehem ;
Was born a King among the Jews,
To give them light, but they refus'd.

CHORUS.—Jesus said that they might be
Happy in eternity, &c.

3 Sinner, Jesus led for thee
A suffering life to Calvary :
While on the cross he hung and cried ;
Thus he bow'd his head and died,

CHORUS.—Jesus died that you might be
Happy in eternity, &c.

4 Jesus lay within the tomb,
Silent till the third day morn ;
It was about the break of day,
An angel roll'd the stone away.

CHORUS.—Jesus rose that you might be
Happy in eternity, &c.

5 O ye young, ye gay, ye proud,
You must die and wear the shroud !
Time will rob you of your bloom ;
Death will drag you to the tomb.

CHORUS.—Then you 'll cry and want to be
Happy in eternity, &c.

6 Say will you go to heaven or hell ?
To one you must, and there to dwell,
Christ will come and quickly too ;
I must meet him, so must you :

CHORUS.—O then you'll cry and want to be
Happy in eternity, &c.

7 The great white throne will soon appear !
All the world must then draw near :
Sinners will be driven down !
Saints will wear a starry crown.

CHORUS.—O then you'll cry and want to be
Happy in eternity, &c.

160 P. M. 7, 7, 7, 7.

Saints Arrayed in White.

WHO are these arrayed in white ?
Brighter than the noon-day sun ;
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne.

CHORUS.

Victory ! O victory !
They have gained the victory :
O how happy we shall be,
When we 've gain 'd the victory.

2 These are they who bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the living God.

3 Out of great distress they came;
Wash'd their robes by faith below;
In the blood of yonder Lamb—
Blood that washes white as snow.

4 Therefore are they next the throne,
Serving their Master day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

5 No excessive heat they feel,
From the sun's directer rays;
In a milder clime they dwell,
Regions of eternal day.

161 P. M.

Homeward Bound

OUT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Far from the safe quiet harbor we rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode ;
Promise of which on each he bestowed :
We're homeward bound, homeward bound

2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Look, yonder lie the bright heavenly shores!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Steady, O pilot, stand firm at the wheel ;
Steady, we soon shall outweather the gale ;
O how we fly ! 'neath the loud creaking sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

3 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide ;
We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Glory to God ! all our dangers are o'er ;
We stand secure on the glorified shore ;
Glory to God ! we'll shout forever more :
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

162 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 5.

WHEN shall we meet again,
Meet ne 'er to sever ?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never.

3 Up to that world of light
Take us dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel;
Never, no, never.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreath her chain,
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close,
Never, no never.

163 P. M. 7, 6, 7, 6, 7, 7, 7, 7.

A Glance Into the Third Heaven.

BURST, ye em'rald gates, and bring
To my raptur'd vision,
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysian:
Lo! we lift our longing eyes;
Break, ye intervening skies;
Sun of righteousness arise,
Ope the gates of Paradise!

2 Floods of everlasting light
Freely flash before him;
Myriads, with supreme delight,
Instantly adore him:
Angelic trumps resound his fame;
Lutes of lucid gold proclaim—
All the music of his name,
Heaven echoing the theme!

3 Four and twenty elders rise
From their princely station,
Shout his glorious victories,
Sing the "great Salvation!"
Cast their crowns before his throne,
Cry in reverential tone,
"Glory be to God alone,
Holy, holy, HOLY ONE!"

4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
Seem methinks, to seize us;
Join we, too, the holy lays:
Sing of him who saves us!
Sweetest sound in seraph's song!
Sweetest note on mortal tongue!
Sweetest carol ever sung!
Jesus, Jesus, flow along!

164 P. M.

The Beautiful Valley.

'TIS low down in that beautiful valley,
Where love crowns the meek and the lowly;
Where no storms of envy or folly
Can e'er roll their billows again;
The meek soul, in humble subjection,
Can there find unshaken protection,
There soft gales of cheering reflection,
The mind soothe from sorrow and pain.

2 This low vale is free from contention,
Where no soul can dream of dissention,
Where no wiles of evil intention
Can find out these regions of peace:
'Tis there, there the Lord will deliver,
And souls drink of that beautiful river,
Where peace flows forever and ever,
And love and joy forever increase.

3 There those who by storms have been driven,
Shall moor their bark in that beautiful haven,
And there bask in the sunshine of heaven,
And triumph in Immanuel's name.
'Tis there, there in yonder bright glory,
We 'll shout and sing, and tell the glad story;
And when we 've pass 'd cold Jordan quite over,
We 'll sing "hallelujah to God and the Lamb!"

165 P. M.

The Glorious Treasure.

RELIGION is a glorious treasure,
The purchase of the Savior's blood;
It fills the mind with consolation;
It lifts the thoughts to things above;
It calms our fears and soothes our sorrows;
It smooths our way o'er life's rough sea:
'Tis mix'd with goodness, meeknes, and temperance;
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

2 This earthly house must be dissolved,
And mortal life will then be o'er;
All earthly cares and earthly sorrow,
Shall pain my eyes and heart no more;

But pure religion remains forever,
And my glad heart shall strengthen 'd be
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heavenly portion mine shall be.

3 How vain, how fleeting, how transitory
This world, with all its splendid show;
Its vain delights and deceitful pleasures,
I 'll gladly bid them all adieu;
But grace and glory shall be my story,
While I in Jesus such beauty see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav 'nly portion mine shall be.

4 While trav 'ling here through tribulation,
In Christian love we 'll march along;
And while contention divides the "Union,"
In Jesus Christ we 'll all be one!
For pure religion unites together
In Christian union, I plainly see:
While endless ages are onward rolling,
This heav 'nly portion mine shall be.

166 P. M. 11, 10, 11, 10.

Come ye Disconsolate.

COME ye disconsolate, where 'er ye languish!
Come, at the mercy seat, fervently kneel,
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heav 'n cannot heal!

2 Joy of the comfortless, light of the straying,
Hope when all others die, fadeless and pure!
Here speaks the Comforter, in God's name, saying,
"Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure!"

3 Here see the Bread of life, see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove!

4 Let not your unbelief keep back the blessing,
But in the cause of God fully engage!
Bow at the throne of grace, ever confessing,
Earth has no sorrow that heav'n can't assuage!

5 Lo! from the shining throne, Jesus the Savior,
Looks with complacency, bids you receive
Joy, peace, and pleasure sweet, pardon and favor:
Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can relieve.

167 P. M. 4 11s.

Christian Experience.

YE people, that wonder at me and my ways,
And oft with astonishment on me do gaze,
Come, lend your attention, and I will relate
My past exercises, and my present state. ot

2 The people I follow I once did despise,
And ofttimes you gazed on me with surprise;
I gaz 'd with a mixture of pride and disdain,
Yet still from their meetings I could not refrain.

3 I sometimes did jest at their sighs and their groans,
And sometimes in spirit felt deeply to mourn;
Their praying and mourning gave me such offence,
I thought it delusion, and all a pretence.

4 I ofttimes determin'd I'd hear them no more,
But still on occasions would go as before
Although persecuting, I still would return,
The sparks of conviction beginning to burn.

5 The word cloth'd with power at length
reach'd my heart;
I sat under preaching and there felt the
dart;
I strove to conceal it, but all was in vain;
To pray, weep, and tremble, it did me con-
strain.

6 I sunk down in sorrow, so deep my distress;
I lay for some moments almost motionless,
Till Jesus in mercy his love did reveal!
A wonder! a wonder! Oh, how did I feel!

7 My burden of guilt was removed and gone,
My spirit was joyful, my soul was serene;
I stood up and prais'd him without dread
or fear,
Nor would I have car'd though the world
had been there.

8 My friends may despise me, and foes ridi-
cule;
The wise of the world may esteem me a
fool;
But all their attempts will be fruitless and
vain,
For Jesus has bless'd me and I'll praise his
name.

168 P. M. 7s, & 6s.

The Conquest.

WHEN shall the voice of singing,
Flow joyfully along ?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the conquest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth decended
In righteousness to reign ?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly ;
The shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply :
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujuh swelling
In one eternal sound.

169 P. M. 11s.

Sweet Home.

AN alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wander'd through earth, its gay pleasures to trace

In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

CHORUS.

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
O Jesus conduct me to heaven my home!

2 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away,
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are giv'n,
Salvation on earth, and a mansion in heav'n.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms;
The Savior invites me, I 'll go to his arms!
At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room,
O there may I feast with his children at home.

4 Farewell, vain amusements! my follies adieu!
While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view;
I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,
The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.

CHORUS.

Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
O Jesus conduct me to heaven my home

170 P. M. 11s.

Sweet Home.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;
To find at the banquet of mercy there s room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Prepare me, dear Savior, for glory, my home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace,
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease ;
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.

3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with t

Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I 'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
O give me submission and strength as my day ;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile, in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image, arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee, at home.

171 P. M. 11s.

The Ancient Noah's Ark.

YOU are invited with Christ to embark,
On board his rich ship, the ancient Noah's Ark,
Which was launch 'd at Eden, has long been at sea,
And comes into harbor for you and for me.

2 I enter 'd on board her, for who could delay,
Where so many could sing, could praise, and could pray ?

Our Captain is Jesus, his mercy is great,
Our labor is heav'nly, our bounty is sweet.

3 Thrice blessed be He who launch'd her at first,
And rigg'd her, and stor'd her, on purpose for us;
God's love so amazing, is till her main sail,
She's plank'd with salvation quite down to the keel.

4 Provision on board, and clothing — great store,
Provided by wisdom, design'd for the poor;
The robes of salvation, with which our good Lord
Will clothe all your souls, when you've enter'd on board.

5 The vessel was built and completed by Grace,
Was fitted and stor'd for burthen and chase;
From her bow to her stern, she's strongly secur'd,
Her cargo is wealthy, and wisely insur'd.

6 The winds and the waves He still holds in his hand,
And likewise her foes are at His command,

Near six thousand years she 's been cruising the main,
And, man 'd with the ransom 'd, she harbors again.

7 Our Captain we 'll praise, who took us on board,
In safety we are, if we sail with the Lord;
Bound to the fair haven, our port we shall gain,
In spite of all dangers, in crossing the main.

CHORUS.

Sing glory to Jesus, who died on the tree,
And has fitted this vessel for you and for me:
Although here as strangers awhile we may roam,
This Ark will convey us all safely up HOME.

172 P. M. 9, 8, 9, 8.

My Fatherland.

THERE is a place where my hopes are stay 'd;
My heart and my treasure are there,
Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
And fields are eternally fair.

CHORUS.

That blissful place is my Father's land!
By faith its delights I explore!
Come favor my flight, angelic band,
And waft me in peace to that shore!

2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
A pure and a peaceful abode :
The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
For there is the palace of God !
That blissful place, &c.

3 There is a place where my friends are gone
Who worship'd and suffer'd with me,
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.
That blissful place, &c.

4 There is a place where I hope to live,
When life and its troubles are o'er,
A place which the Lord to me will give,
And there I shall sorrow no more.
That blissful place, &c.

173 S. M.

The Lord is Risen.

THE Lord is risen indeed !
Then justice asks no more ;
Mercy and truth are now agreed.
Who stood oppos'd before.

2 The Lord is risen indeed !
Then is his work perform'd ;
The mighty captive now is freed,
And death, our foe disarm'd

3 The Lord is risen indeed !
Then hell has lost his prey ;
With him is risen the ransom 'd seed,
To reign in endless day.

4 The Lord is risen indeed !
Attending angels hear ;
Up to the courts of heav 'n with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

5 Then wake your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord ;
Join all ye bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

174 P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7, 4, 7.

AIR.—Zion.

Zion Encouraged.

ON the mountain top appearing,
Lo ! the sacred heralds stand,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands,
Mourning captive,
God himself shall loose thy bands,

2 Lo! thy sun is risen in glory!
God himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasted triumph ends.
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send,
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

3 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blest.
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest,
All thy conflicts
End in an eternal rest.

175 P. M. 11, 7, 8, 7.

Thanksgiving.

PRAISE the Lord! Praise the Lord, when blushing morning
Wakes the blossoms fresh with dew;
Praise him when reviv'd creation,
Beams with beauties fair and new.

2 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, when early breezes
Come so fragrant from the flowers;
Praise, thou willow, by the brook side;
Praise ye birds among the bowers

3 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, and may
his blessing
Guide us in the way of truth;
Keep our feet from paths of error,
Make us holy in our youth.

4 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, ye hosts
of heaven;
Angels, sing your sweetest lays,
All things utter forth his glory;
Sound aloud Jehovah's praise.

176 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

The Atonement of Christ on the Cross.

BEHOLD! behold the Lamb of God!
On the cross, on the cross.
For you he shed his precious blood,
On the cross, on the cross.
Oh! hear his all-important cry,
Eloi lama Sabacthani:
Draw near and see your Savior die,
On the cross, on the cross.

2 Behold his arms extended wide,
On the cross, on the cross.
Behold his bleeding hands and side,
On the cross, on the cross.
To heav'n he rais'd his lanquid eyes,
'Tis finis'd now, the sufferer cries;
He bows his sacred head and dies,
On the cross, on the cross.

3 Oh! sinners, see him lifted up
On the cross, on the cross.
For you he drain'd the bitter cup,
On the cross, on the cross.
The rocks did rend, the earth did quake,
When Jesus did atonement make,
When Jesus suffer'd for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross.

4 Let every Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross.
Let every mourner come and cling,
To the cross, to the cross,
And let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Declare the triumph through the land
Of the cross, of the cross.

5 Where'er I go, I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross.
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross,
And this my constant theme shall be,
Through time, and in eternity,
That Jesus tasted death for me,
On the cross, on the cross.

177 P. M. 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

Dismission.

JESUS grant us all a blessing,
Send it down Lord from above;
May we all return home praying,
And rejoicing in thy love.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet again.

2 Jesus pardon all our follies,
Since together we have been;
Make us humble make us holy,
Cleanse us all from every sin.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all shall meet above.

3 May thy blessing, Lord, go with us,
To each one's respective home;
And thy presence, blessed Savior,
Rest upon us every one.
Farewell brethren, farewell sisters,
Till we all arrive at home.

178 P. M. 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 8, 6.

Sing Hallelujah.

SING hallelujah! praise the Lord!
Sing with a cheerful voice;
Exalt our God with one accord,
And in his name rejoice:

Ne'er cease to sing, thou ransom'd host,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Till in the realms of endless light,
Your praises shall unite.

2 There we to all eternity,
Shall join the angelic lays,
And sing in perfect harmony
To God our Savior's praise:
He hath redeem'd us by his blood,
And made kings and priests to God;
For us, for us the Lamb was slain.
Praise ye the Lord! Amen.

179

Safe, in the Promised Land.

WHERE now is good old Noah?
Where now is good old Noah?
Where now is good old Noah?
Safe in the promis'd land.
He went up through the flood of waters,
With his wife, and sons, and daughters,
Now he rests from all his labors—
Safe in the promised land.

2 Where now is good Elijah?
By chariot wheels he was swiftly driven,
To the blissful courts of heaven;
To him a rich reward was given.

3 Where now are the Hebrew children ?
Though the furnace flam 'd around them,
God, he in their troubles found them,
And with love, and mercy, crown 'd them.

4 Where now is good old Daniel ?
The lions could him not devour,
In that dark and trying hour,
God, he sav 'd him by his power.

5 Where now are the old Apostles ?
They went up through fear and sighing,
Scourging, torturing, crucifying ;
Nobly for their Master dying.

6 Where now is good old Lazarus ?
He went up through sore afflictions,
To a great and glorious mansion ;
Now he rests in Abraham's bosom.

7 Where now is weeping Mary ?
She went up from the feet of Jesus,
By her love our faith increases ;
There she 's fann 'd by Canaan's breezes.

8 There our souls shall learn the chorus,
Saints and angels sung before us ;
While all heav 'n is beaming o 'er us,
Safe in the promis 'd land.

CHORUS.

There we 'll sing and shout forever,
There we 'll sing and shout forever,
There we 'll sing and shout forever,
Safe in the promis 'd land.

180 7s.

MY Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
My Bible leads to glory,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

CHORUS.

Sing on, pray on, ye followers of Immanuel
Sing on, pray on, ye followers of the Lamb.

2 Religion makes me happy,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

3 King Jesus is my Captain,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

4 I 'm fighting for a kingdom,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

5 There we shall live forever,
Ye followers of the Lamb.

181

Come to Jesus.

COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now ;
Just now, just now, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.

2 He will save you, &c.

3 He is able, &c.

4 He is willing, &c.

5 O believe him, &c.

6 He is calling, &c.

7 Come poor sinner, &c.

8 Come my neighbors, &c.

9 God is waiting, &c.

10 Christ is pleading, &c.

11 Get religion, &c.

12 Christ may leave you, &c.

13 Time is flying, &c.

14 Pray on brethren, &c.

182

Jesus Died and Rose.

DID you hear that Jesus died ?
Did you hear that Jesus died ?
He died for you, and he died for me,
And he died for every one :
Yes, he died for every one.

2 Did you hear that Jesus rose ? &c.

3 Did you hear that Jesus lives ? &c.

4 Did you hear that Jesus reigns ? &c.

5 Did you hear that he has a feast ? &c.

6 Did you hear that Jesus pleads ? &c.

7 Did you hear that he has a cross ? &c.

8 Did you hear that he has a crown ? &c.

9 Did you hear of the long white robes ? &c.

10 Did you hear that he 'll come again ? &c.

11 Did you hear that he has a home ? &c.

12 Did you hear that he 'll judge the world ?
Did you hear that he 'll judge the world ?
He 'll judge the world in righteousness ;
And he 'll judge us every one :
Yes he 'll judge us every one.

183 11, 8, 12, 9.

The Dear Little Children.

I THINK when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men ;
How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.

2 I wish that his hands had been plac'd on my head,
That his arms had been thrown around me;
That I might have seen his kind looks when he said,
Let the little ones come unto me.

3 He's gone to that beautiful place to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven :
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heav'n.

4 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love ;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above.

5 There are thousands and thousands who wander and fall,
And ne'er have heard of that heavenly home;
I should like them to know there is room for them all,
And Jesus has bid them to come.

6 I long for the joys of that glorious day,
The sweetest, and brightest, and best;
When the dear little children of every clime,
Shall crowd to his arms and be blest.

184 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6, 6.

O That's the Drink for Me.

THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl,
Is not the drink for me;
It kills his body and his soul;
How sad a sight is he!
But there's a drink which God hath given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free;
O that's the drink for me,
O that's the drink for me,
O that's the drink for me.

2 The stream that many prize so high
Is not the stream for me;
For he who drinks it still is dry,
Forever dry he'll be.

But there 's a stream so cool and clear.
The thirsty traveler lingers near,
Refresh 'd and glad is he ;
O that 's the stream for me,
O that 's the stream for me,
O that 's the stream for me.

3 The wine-cup that so many prize,
Is not the cup for me ;
The acking head and bloated eyes,
In their sad train I see.
But there 's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days
O that 's the cup for me,
O that 's the cup for me,
O that 's the cup for me.

185 7, 6, 7, 7, 11.

GO! go! thou that enslav 'st me,
Now, now thy power is o 'er ;
Long, long have I obey 'd thee,
Now I 'll not drink any more.
No, no, oh no, now I 'll not drink any more.

2 Thou! thou! bringest me ever,
Deep, deep sorrow and pain ;
Now, now, from thee I 'll sever,
Now I 'll not serve thee again.
No, no, oh no, now I 'll not serve thee again.

3 Rum ! rum ! thou hast bereft me
Of home, friends, pleasures so sweet ;
Now, now, forever I've left thee,
Thou and I never shall meet.
No, no, oh no, thou and I never shall part.

4 Joys ! joys ! bright as the morning,
Now, now upon me will pour ;
Hope, hope sweetly is dawning,
Now I'll not drink any more.
No, no, oh no, now I'll not drink any more.

186 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.

AIR.—Bride's Farewell.

The Tipler's Farewell to his Whisky.

FAREWELL, whisky ! tears are streaming
From my red and swollen eyes ;
I in gems and roses beaming,
Bid farewell to all our ties ;
Farewell brandy ! now I leave thee,
Joy and hope my bosom swell ;
I can't trust thee, you deceive me,
Farewell monster ! fare thee well.

2 Farewell porter ! thou art smiling,
Yet there's poison in thy flow ;
Long you've tempted me, beguiling,
Chaining me when I would go.

Farewell toddy ! thou didst curse me,
E 'er my lips my name could tell ;
See the wounds where you 've caress 'd me;
Vile seducer, fare thee well.

3 Farewell drinking ! now I leave thee,
Thinking all my sorrows o 'er ;
Every thought of thee must grieve me,
Though I shun thee evermore.
Hearken brothers who deride me,
I to you a tale can tell ;
Come and join with scores besides me,
And bid tipling haunts farewell.

187 8, 8, 8, 8.

The Dying Child's Appeal to her Drunken Father.

STAY, father stay ! the night is wild,
SO ! leave not now your dying child :
I feel the icy hand of death,
And short, and shorter grows my breath.

2 Stay, father, stay ! ere morning light
My soul may take its upward flight ;
And, O ! I cannot, cannot die,
While thou, my father, art not by.

3 Stay, father, stay ! my mother's gone,
And you and I are left alone ;
And in her star-lit home on high,
She 'll weep that I, alone, should die.

4 Stay, father, stay ! O, leave this night
The maddening bowl, whose with'ring blight
Has cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

5 Stay, father, stay ! alone, alone,
With none to cheer, and none to mourn ;
I cannot leave this world of woe,
And to the land of spirits go.

6 Stay, father, stay ! once more I ask,
O, think it not a heavy task,
To stay with me till life shall end—
My last, my only earthly friend.

188

Will You Come to the Grove.

WILL you come to the grove,
'Tis a beautiful shade,
And partake of the viands
So tastefully spread.

CHORUS.

Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the grove ?

2 Will you come to the spot
Where the evergreens grow,
Whose leaves drink the dew,
And decay never know?
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Come to the spot?

3 We will pleasantly talk,
We will merrily sing,
While we drink of the water
That flows from the spring.
Will you, will you, will you, will you
Come to the grove?

4 Will you bring each his mate,
And invite him to sign,
The sweet pledge, the safe pledge,
To drink water, not wine.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
Bring each his mate?

5 'Tis the hope of our country,
That pledge—it will save,
Full many a youth
From th' inebriate's grave.
Will you, will you, will you, will you,
All sign the pledge?

189

The Irish Boy's Lament, or, Three Grains of Corn.

O GIVE me three grains of corn, mother,
Only three grains of corn ;
'Twill keep this little life I have,
Till the coming of the morn.

2 I am dying of hunger and cold, mother,
I am dying of hunger and cold ;
The agonies of such a death
My lips have never told.

3 I dream'd of bread in my sleep, mother,
And the sight was cheering to me ;
I awoke with an eager parched lip,
But you had no bread for me.

4 How could I look to you, mother,
How could I look to you
For bread, to give to your starving boy,
When you are starving too ?

5 The famine is seen on your cheek, mother,
And in your eye so wild ;
I felt it in your bony hand,
When you laid it on your child.

6 How dreary is our lot, mother,
Without one heart to cheer ;
We 're crush 'd beneath the iron hand
Of want, the most severe.

7 O what has poor Ireland done, mother,
O what has poor Ireland done ;
That they must suffer such a death
As starving, one by one.

The men of England care not, mother,
Whether we live or die ;
For the bread they give to their dogs to-night
Would give life to you and me.

9 There 's many a brave heart, here mother,
That is dying of hunger and cold ;
While just across the channel, there,
The queen is robed in gold.

10 My life is almost spent, mother,
I soon must bid you adieu ;
I 'm going to a world unknown,
And you are going too.

11 There we shall hunger no more, mother,
Nor suffer from toil and care ;
There we 'll obtain a rich reward,
And crowns of glory wear.

12 Soon we shall meet again, mother,
To tell our sufferings o 'er ;
And join in one delightful song,
On Canaan's happy shore.

13 Come nearer to my side, mother,
Come nearer to my side ;
Embrace me fondly as you did
My father, when he died.

14 Quick ! quick ! I cannot see you, mother,
My limbs are growing cold ;
O, mother ! dear mother, ere I die,
Give me three grains of corn.

190 H. M.

AIR.—Farlon.

Christ's Advent.

HARK ! hark ! the notes of joy,
Roll o 'er the heavenly plains ,
And seraphs find employ,
For the sublimest strains :
Some new delight in heaven is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne

2 Hark ! hark ! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts decend ;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend,

He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.

3 Bear, bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show :
Ye winds that blow, ye waves that roll,
O bear the news from pole to pole.

4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name ;
Arise ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim.
Angels and men wake every string,
'Tis God the Savior's praise we sing

191

7s.

AIR.—Eltham.

Messiah's Reign.

HASTEN Lord the glorious time,
When beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.
Mightiest kings his power shall own,
Heathen tribes his name adore ;
Satan and his hosts o'erthrown,
Bound in chains shall hurt no more.

2 "Wide, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Clos 'd no more by death and sin ;
Lo ! the conquering Lord behold,
Let the King of glory in."
Hark ! th' angelic hosts enquire,
"Who is he th' Almighty King ?"
Hark, again the answering choir,
Loudest strains of triumph sing.

3 "He whose powerful arm alone,
On his foes destruction hurl 'd ;
He who hath the victory won,
He who saved a ruin 'd world—
He who God's pure law fullfill 'd,
Jesus, the incarnate word ;
He, whose truth with blood was seal 'd ;
He is heaven's all glorious Lord."

192

L. P. M.

AIR.—Nashville.

The Bible.

I LOVE the volume of thy word ;
What light and joy those leaves afford,
To souls benighted and distress 'd ;
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

2 Thy threat'nings wake my slumbering eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free and large reward.

3 Who knows the error of his thoughts ?
My God forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain ;
Accept my weak attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace,
And book of nature, not in vain.

193

S. M.

AIR.—Olney.

Inviting.

THE Spirit in our hearts,
Is whispering, "sinner come ;"
The bride, the church of Christ proclaims,
To all her children, "come."

2 Let him that heareth say,
To all about him "come !"
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain come !

3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ,
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come:"
Lord, even so, we wait thy hour
O blest Redeemer, come.

194 P. M.

The Song of Jubilee.

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fullness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wake above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banners furl'd;
Sheath'd his sword—he speaks; 'tis done.
And the kingdoms of this world,
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

195 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 6, 6, 5.

We'll Meet in Glory.

FAREWELL, my friends beloved,
Time passes swiftly,
When moments are improved
Time passes sweetly:
In Jesus we are safe,
When our few years are done,
Before the shining throne,
We'll meet in glory.

2 The woes of life we feel,
And its temptations;
But let us nobly fill
Our proper stations:
Soldiers of Christ, hold fast,
The war will soon be past,
The victory comes at last,
We'll meet in glory.

3 But Oh! what joys shall crown
That happy meeting;
We'll bow before the throne,
Each other greeting:
Refresh'd again we start,
Though for a while we part,
Yet always joined in heart,
We'll meet in glory.

196 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5, 6, 5.

Admonition to Improve Life.

LIFE is onward, use it
With a forward aim ;
Toil is heavenly, choose it,
And its welfare claim.
Look not to another
To perform your will,
Let not your own brother
Keep your warm hand still.

2 Life is onward, try it,
Ere the day is lost ;
It hath virtue, buy it,
At whatever cost.
If the world should offer
Every precious gem,
Look not at the scoffer,
Change it not for them.

3 Life is onward, heed it,
In each varied dress,
Your own act can speed it
On to happiness.
His bright pinion o'er you,
Time waves not in vain
If hope chants before you
Her prophetic strain.

197 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6, 8, 6.

"A Day's March Nearer Home."

I KNOW this life 's a pilgrimage—
A journey to the skies—
A passage to that better land,
Where pleasure never dies.
Oh, then to find so sweet a place
Above yon starry dome,
I go, for every day but brings
"A day's march near home."

2 The path I know is sometimes smooth,
And then again uneven :
I murmer not, for 'tis the way
That pilgrims go to heaven.
I know there is a stream call 'd death,
Whose waters dash and foam,
'Tis just before—but still I go—
"A day's march nearer home."

3 Oh, what relief it is to know
The time connot be long,
Before my soul shall be regaled
Within the land of song.
This cheering hope I cannot find
Within the skeptic's tomb ;
My Bible bids me onward go—
"A day's march nearer home."

198

"Vital Spark of Heav'nly Flame."

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame,
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring flying!
Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying:
Come, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
Hark! they whisper, angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!
Sister spirit come away!

2 What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
The world recedes, it disappears;
Heav'n opens on my eyes!
My ears with sounds seraphic ring!
Lend your wings! I mount, I fly,
O, grave! where is thy victory?
O, death! where is thy sting?

CHORUSES.

L. M.

O DON'T you want to go! O don't you want to go?
Ye need not one be left behind;
Don't you want to go?
O don't you want to go? O don't you want to go?
The Lord hath bidden all mankind,
Don't you want to go?

HYMN.

Come sinners to the gospel feast, &c.

C. M.

O THAT 'LL be joyful, joyful, joyful,
O that'll be joyful to meet to part no more.
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore;
There we shall meet, at Jesus' feet,
Shall meet to part no more.

HYMN.

On Jordan's stormy bank I stand, &c.

7s, & 6s.

WE 'LL go home in the morning,
We 'll go home in the morning,
About the break of day.
We 'll go home in the morning,
We 'll go home in the morning,
We 'll go home in the morning
About the break of day.
We 'll go home in the morning,
We 'll go home in the morning,
About the break of day.

HYMN.

O when shall I see Jesus, &c.

L. M.

O HAIL! O Hail!
I 'm bound to join the union band,
O hail! O hail!
I 'm bound for the throne.

HYMN.

Farewell, vain world, I 'm going home, &c.
I 'm bound for the throne, &c.

C. M.

O HEAVEN! sweet heaven!
Dear heaven the blest:

How I long to be there,
With the angels to share,
And to lean on my Savior's breast.

HYMN.

When I can read my title clear, &c.

P. M.

WHAT a meeting! what a meeting that will be!
What a meeting! what a meeting that will be!
What a meeting that will be,
When our Savior's face we see:
And we'll all meet around God's bright throne,
Our fathers, our fathers will be there,
Our fathers, our fathers will be there,
Our fathers will be there,
Who use'd to worship here:
And we'll all meet around God's bright throne.

P. M.

WE'LL take our fathers by the hand,
By the hand, by the hand;
We'll take our fathers by the hand,
And march with them to the promis'd land,

And never return again.
We 'll pass over Jordan,
We 'll pass over Jordan,
We 'll pass over Jordan,
And never return again.

2 We 'll take our helmet, sword and shield,
Sword and shield, sword and shield ;
We 'll take our helmet, sword and shield,
And boldly march into the field,
And never return again.
We 'll pass over Jordan,
We 'll pass over Jordan,
We 'll pass over Jordan,
And never return again.

3 We 'll take our mothers by the hand, &c.

4 We 'll take our brethren by the hand, &c.

5 We 'll take our sisters by the hand, &c.

6 We 'll take our neighbors by the hand, &c.

7 We 'll take our children by the hand, &c.

8 We 'll take the mourner by the hand, &c.

L. M.

I LOVE the Lord for he first lov 'd me,
And he died on the cross for sinners ;
He died for me, and died for you,
And he died on the cross for sinners.

HYMN.

Jesus my all to heaven is gone, &c.

8s, & 7s.

I WILL rise and go to Jesus,
He 'll embrace me in his arms ;
In the arms of my dear Savior—
O, there are ten thousand charms.

HYMN.

Come thou fount of every blessing, &c.

L. M.

HAPPY day, happy day,
When Jesus wash 'd my sins away
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash 'd my sins away.

S. M.

WE 'LL wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
We 'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we 'll be gather 'd home.

HYMN.

I 'm glad that I was born to die, &c.

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LIVERPOOL